



J. K. Sherwin Int.

A. Stevenson Sculp.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

VOLUME SECOND.

CONTAINING ALL HIS
POETICAL WORKS,
LIFE OF LORD BOLINGBROKE,
AND
LIFE OF DR PARNELL.

PERTH:

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THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

A
P O E M.

FIRST PRINTED IN M,DCC,LXIX.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The

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A

only

only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In

DEDICATION.

3

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. I am,

DEAR SIR,

YOUR SINCERE FRIEND,

AND ARDENT ADMIRER,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

DEDICATION

In regarding the degradation of the country, I
investigate against the interests of our farmers; and
here I shall expect the labor of modern politicians
against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has
been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the
greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom
of antiquity in that particular is forgotten. Still
however, I must remain a practical man, and in that
line, and continue to look at those luxuries present-
ing to us, which is to be the ruin of the nation.
and to many kingdoms have been ruined. Indeed,
to much has been poured out of life on the other
side of the question, that nearly for the last cen-
tury, and various one would be tempted with to
be in the right. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;

And

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their chearful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

7

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,

I still

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;

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B

The

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain,
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began,

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the goodman's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,

There,

There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,

Low

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts in-
spir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely fanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from it's fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail:

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No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.

Proud

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in filken cloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
growth,
His feat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign.
Sleights every borrow'd charm that drest supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She

She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;

Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,

There the black gibbet glooms 'beside the way.

The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,

Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;

Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing square,

The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles ere annoy!

Sure these denote one universal joy!

Are these thy serious thoughts—Ah, turn thine eyes

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,

Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;

Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,

Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,

And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,

When idly first, ambitious of the town,

She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Dothine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,

At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

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Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their wo.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love,

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
 ing day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away;

C 2

When

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When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old fire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms,
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.

At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtue leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my wo,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well,

Farewel,

Farewel, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's fide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very Blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN M,DCC,LXV.

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be
only

only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet,

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

YOUR MOST AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, flow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain,

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;

D 2

Blest

* In this poem several alterations were made, and some new verses added, as it passed through different editions.—We have printed from the ninth, which was the last edition published in the life-time of the author.

Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor
crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heav'n to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,

Where

Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave,
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even,

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;

And

And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;

While

While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;

For

For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column fought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find,
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meannesses occupy the mind:

As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly fues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;

But

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Chearful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scarring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
 For every want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
 For, as refinement stops, from fire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;

But

But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
way,
These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thy self, whom all the world can please;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.

Honour,

Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an-avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly fought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.

Methinks

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The flow canal, the yellow bloffom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crouded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear
Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;

A land

A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,

While

While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd ev'n by Freedom's ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the gen'ral system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,

Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, foldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering fun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would express them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:

But

But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in it's source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force,
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like staring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?

Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dang'rous
ways;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

Still

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own,

A

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED

UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.*

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
 And save from infamy my sinking age !
 Scarce half-alive, oppress'd with many a year,
 What in the name of dotage drives me here ?

A time

* This translation was first printed in one of our Author's earliest works, "The Present State of Learning in Europe." 12mo. 1759.

A time there was, when glory was my guide,
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
 Unaw'd by pow'r, and unappal'd by fear,
 With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
 But this vile hour disperses all my store,
 And all my hoard of honour is no more;
 For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
 Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
 Him I obey, whom Heav'n itself obeys,
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
 Here then at once I welcome ev'ry shame,
 And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
 No more my titles shall my children tell,
 The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
 This day beyond its term my fate extends,
 For life is ended when our honour ends.

THE
DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION,

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
 Jack Book-worm led a college life;
 A fellowship at twenty-five,
 Made him the happiest man alive;

TRANSFORMATION.

47

He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
O!—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar fight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The

The honey-moon like light'ning flew,
The second brought its transports too.
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
'That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a flattern or a belle;
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrap'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend!
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing!
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'was gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;

The

TRANSFORMATION.

49

The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shews,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose;
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyzz;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd nooze,
As each a different way pursues,
While fullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower:
Lo! the small pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;

And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glafs, grown hateful to her fight,
Reflected now a perfect fright;
Each former art ſhe vainly tries
To bring back luſtre to her eyes.
In vain ſhe tries her paſte and creams,
To ſmooth her ſkin, or hide its ſeams;
Her country beaux and city couſins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The 'ſquire himſelf was ſeen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now condemn'd to hack
The reſt of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleaſing him alone.
Jack ſoon was dazzled to behold
Her preſent face ſurpaſs the old;
With modeſty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility diſplaces pride;
For tawdry finery is ſeen
A Perſon ever neatly clean:
No more preſuming on her ſway,
She learns good nature every day;

Serenely

Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

NEW SIMILE

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT..

LONG had I fought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to God Mercurius;
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.

Well! what is it from thence we gather?
 Why these denote a brain of feather.
 A brain of feather! very right,
 With wit that's flighty, learning light;
 Such as to modern bards decreed;
 A just comparison,—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
 Wings grow again from both his shoes;
 Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
 And waft his godship through the air;
 And here my simile unites,
 For in a modern poet's flights,
 I'm sure it may be justly said,
 His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
 Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand;
 By classic authors, term'd caduceus,
 And highly fam'd for several uses.
 To wit—most wondrously endu'd,
 No poppy water half so good;
 For let folks only get a touch,
 Its soporific virtue's such,
 Though ne'er so much awake before,
 That quickly they begin to snore.

Add

Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell,

Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy flaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.
This difference only as the God
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goosequill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But ev'n this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

DESCRIPTION

OF AN

AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The fanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William shew'd his lamp-black
face:

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:

With

With beer and milk arrears, the frieze was scor'd,
 And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board;
 A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

THE

HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

FIRST PRINTED IN M,DCC,LXV.

THE FOLLOWING

L E T T E R,

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE ST JAMES'S

CHRONICLE, APPEARED IN THAT PAPER,

IN JUNE, M,DCC,LXVII.

SIR,

AS there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit

mit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookfeller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was mis-informed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one * by the ingenious Mr Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr Percy, some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing: and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes
me

* The Frier of Orders Gray. "Reliq. of Anc. Poetry." vol. i. p. 243.

me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

“TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper chears the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and flow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go.”

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H

‘, Forbear,

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn :
Taught by that pow'r that pities me,
I learn to pity them :

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruit supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor
And strangers led astray !

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest, and smil'd ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe a stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd :
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove :
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay ;
And those who prize the poultry things,
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest :
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cry'd ;
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary croud
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor pow'r had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms was his, but wo to me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain,

Till

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret where he dy'd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it heaven!" the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine.

No,

No, never, from this hour to part,
 We'll live and love so true,
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 Shall break thy Edwin's too."



AN

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song;
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes;
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his cloaths.

And

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets,
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both fore and fad
To every christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd,
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

STANZAS

ON

WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS.

IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair-one prize
 The gift—who flights the giver?
 A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give—and let 'em.
 If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
 I'll give them—when I get 'em.
 I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
 Or rose-bud more in fashion;
 Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
 A transitory passion.
 I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 Not less sincere, than civil:
 I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
 I'll give thee—to the devil.

EPITAPH

ON DR PARNEL.

THIS tomb inscrib'd to gentle PARNEL's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flow'ry way?

Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
 And heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid,
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below:
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE SISTERS.

WHAT? five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
 Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
 Had she consulted me, she should have made
 Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
 Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
 Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
 My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
 Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.
 Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,
 What if I give a masquerade?—I will. [my cue:
 But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*—I've got
 The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you,
 you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*
 Lud!

Lud ! what a group the motley scene discloses !
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses !
Statesmen with bridles on ; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.

There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.

These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.

Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman :

The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got pow'r to cure ;
Thus, 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing—but what they are.

Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion ;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round pa-
rade,

Looking, as who should say, dam'me ! who's afraid ?

[*Mimicking.*

Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am

You'll find his lionship a very lamb.

Yon politician, famous in debate,

Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state ;

Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,

He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.

Yon

Yon patriot, too, who presses on your fight,
 And seems to every gazer, all in white,
 If with a bribe his candour you attack,
 He bows, turns round, and whip—the man in black!
 Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
 If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
 Well then a truce, since she requests it too:
 Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

THE
 HAUNCH OF VENISON,

A
 POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO
 LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or
 fatter

Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter;
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
 regretting,

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;

I had

I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
 To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtu;
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
 This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
 It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr Burn.*
 To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch;
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and
 the when.
 There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
 I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
 There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone.

But

* Lord Clare's nephew.

But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
 While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
 An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
 "What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!

Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
 "Why whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce:
 "I get these things often;—but that was a bounce:
 Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
 Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case then, cried he, very gay,
 I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
 No words—I insist on't—precisely at *three*:
 We'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will
 be there;

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
 And, now that I think on't, as I am a finner!
 We wanted this venison to make up a dinner.

What

What say you—a pasty, it shall, and it must,
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
 Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
 No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!”
 Thus snatching his hat, he brush’d off like the wind;
 And the porter and eatables follow’d behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
 And “nobody with me at sea but myself;”
 Tho’ I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
 Were things that I never dislik’d in my life,
 Though clogg’d with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair-lumber’d closet just twelve feet by nine:)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
 dumb,
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
 come;

“For I knew it,” he cried, “both eternally fail,
 The one with his speeches, and t’other with Thrale;

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But

* See the letters that passed between his Royal High-
 nesses Henry duke of Cumberland, and lady Grosvenor
 —12mo. 1769.

But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 They both of them merry, and authors like you ;
 The one writes the Snarler, the other the scourge ;
 Some thinks he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.”
 While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,
 At the bottom was tripe, in a fwinging tureen ;
 At the fides there was spinnage and pudding made
 hot ;

In the middle a place where the pafty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter averfion,
 And your Bacon I hate like a Turk or a Perfian,
 So there I fat ftuck, like a horfe in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
 But what vex'd me moft, was that d——'d Scotifh
 rogue,

With his long winded fpeeches, his fmiles and his
 brogue,

And, “madam,” quoth he, “may this bit be my
 poifon,

A prettier dinner I never fet eyes on ;
 Pray a flice of your liver, though may I be curft,
 But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burft,”

“The

"The tripe, quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week :
I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
all."

"O—ho ! quoth my friend he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
There's a pasty"—"a pasty !" repeated the Jew ;
I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too."

"What the de'il, mon, a pasty ! re-echo'd the Scot ;
Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."

"We'll all keep a corner, the lady cried out ;"

"We'll all keep a corner was echo'd about."

While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid ;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake
her ?

That she came with some terrible news from the
baker :

And so it fell out, for that negligent floven,
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let families drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste ;

You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
 A relish—a taste—sicken'd ever by learning;
 At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own;
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

FROM THE

ORATORIO

OF THE

CAPTIVITY.

SON G.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,

Still, still on hope relies;

And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,

Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,

Adorns and cheers the way;

And still, as darker grows the night,

Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

EPITAPH
S O N G.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe?
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

THE

CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell him the reason why asses had ears?
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to
letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters,
Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be fav'd! without thinking on asses."

Edinburgh, 1753.

EPITAPH

EPI T A P H

ON

EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor NED PURDON, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

AN

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's HENRIADE.

AN ELEGY
ON THE
GLORY OF HER SEX,
MRS MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was finning.

At

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At

At church, in filks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size;
 She never slumber'd in her pew,—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was fought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The king himself has followed her,—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all;
 The doctors found, when she was dead,—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
 She had not died to-day.

RETALIATION

RETALIATION,

P O E M.

FIRST PRINTED IN M,DCC,LXXIV.

AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

Dr Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St James' Coffee-house—One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of wit-ticism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united,
If our * landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best
dish:

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Our

* The master of the St James's coffee-house, where the doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

*

Our * Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
 Our † Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains,
 Our ‡ Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
 And § Dick with his pepper shall heighten the favour :
 Our || Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
 And ¶ Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain :
 Our ** Garrick's a fallad ; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That †† Ridge is anchovy, and ‡‡ Reynolds is lamb ;
That

* Doctor Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

† Mr Edmund Burke.

‡ Mr William Burke, late secretary to general Conway, and member for Bedwin.

§ Mr Richard Burke, collector of Granada.

|| Mr Richard Cumberland, author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

¶ Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

** David Garrick, esq ;

†† Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

‡‡ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

That * Hickey's a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith, a goosberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good † dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
mirth:

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks, I cou'd not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good ‡ Edmund, whose genius was
such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat,

To persuade § Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;

L 2

Who,

* An eminent attorney. † Vide page 82. ‡ Ibid.

§ Mr T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining ;

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient ;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, fir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest * William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was
in't ;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsey, the chariot drove home ;
Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his
own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must fight at ;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !
What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !
† Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !

Now

* Vide page 82. † Mr Richard Burke ; vide page

82.

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball !
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick ;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here * Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are,
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone.
 Adopting his portrait's are pleas'd with their own,
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
 Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault ?

Say,

82. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

* Vide p. 82.

Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out mens virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here * Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-
 clines :

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our † Dodds shall be pious, our ‡ Kenricks shall
 lecture ;

§ Macpherfon write bombast, and call it a style,
 Our || Townshend makes speeches, and I shall compile ;
 New ¶ Lawders and Bowers the Tweed shall crossover,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the
 dark.

Here

* Vide p. 82. † The Rev. Dr Dodd.

‡ Dr Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil tavern,
 under the title of "The School of Shakespeare."

|| James Macpherfon, esq ; who lately, from the
 mere force of his style, who wrote down the first poet
 of all antiquity. § Vide p. 83. ¶ Vide p. 82.

Here lies * David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man;
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine:
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge, his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting,
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dance, he mistook it for fame;
 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye

* Vide p. 82.

Ye * Kenricks, ye † Kellys, and ‡ Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave?

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be Roscius'd, and you were beprais'd?
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his † Kellys above.

Here § Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser:
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat.
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:

Perhaps

* Vide p. 86.

† Mr Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wife*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, &c. &c.

‡ Mr William Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

§ Vide p. 82.

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here * Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and
stuff,
He shifted his † trumpet, and only took snuff.

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M

POST-

* Vide page 82.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to
be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in com-
pany.

P O S T S C R I P T.

AFTER the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr Whitefoord; * from a friend of the late doctor Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a † grave man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he:

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to news-paper essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"

Whose

* Mr Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

† Mr W. was so notorious a punster, that Dr Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company without being infected with the itch of punning.

Whose talents to fill any station was fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall * confess'd him a wit.

Ye news paper wittings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
† *Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press.*

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit;
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
“Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd
muse.”

M 2 SONG

* Mr H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

† Mr Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the public Advertiser.

SONG.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."*

AH, me! when shall I marry me?

Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.

He, fond youth, that could carry me,

Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But

* Sir, I send you a small production of the late Dr Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of "She Stoops to conquer," but it was left out, as Mrs Bulkley, who play'd the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called "The Humours of Balamagairy," to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it

But I will rally and combat the ruiner :
 Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover.
 She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
 Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his
 own hand writing, with an affectionate care.

I am Sir,

Your humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO

ZOBEIDE: A TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY

JOSEPH CRADDOCK, ESQ.

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

M,DCC,LXXII.

SPOKEN BY MR QUICK.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore,
The distant climates and the savage shore;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forfake the fair, and patiently—go simpling,
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands he 'as order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.

Where

PROLOGUE.

95

Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:

[*Upper gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen
'em—

[*Pit.*

Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in 'em—

[*Balconies.*

Here ill conditioned oranges abound—— [Stage.

And apples, bitter apples strew the ground:

[*Tasting them.*

The inhabitants are cannibals I fear:

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!

O, there the people are—best keep my distance;

Our Captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;

Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.

This is the first adventure, lend him aid,

And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.

What, no reply to promises so ample?

—I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE

PROLOGUE
ÉPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY

MR LEE LEWES,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN,

AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your
nonsense;

I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyeball vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[Takes off his mask]

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns my mirth,
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!

Whose

Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
 Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
 Whilst from below the trap-door *Demons* rise,
 And from above the dangling deities;
 And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
 May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!
 No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
 Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
 Off! Off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
 The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins.
 Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
 Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—
 soft—'twas but a dream.

Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating:
 If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
 'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
 Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
 Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
 And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
 "The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick
 thanks

They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
 They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
 But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head.
 How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
 My horns! I'm told horns are the fashion now."

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd ! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.
Hoicks ! hark forward ! came thundering from be-
hind,

He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind :
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways ;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze..
At length his filly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore ;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage door.]

THE
LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind ;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglefius,
By Ratiocinations specious,

Have

Have strove to prove with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est ratione peditum;
 But for my soul I cannot credit 'em.
 And must in spite of them maintain,
 That man and all his ways are vain;
 And that this boasted lord of nature,
 Is both a weak and erring creature.
 That instinct is a surer guide,
 Than reason boasting mortals pride;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Whoever knew an honest brute,
 At law his neighbour prosecute,
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery.
 O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
 No politics disturb their mind;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court,
 They never to the levee go
 To treat as dearest friend, a foe:
 They never importune His Grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place;
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob,

Fraught with invective they ne'er go,
To folks at Pater-noster Row :
No judges, fidlers, dancing masters,
No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds,
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape,
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion :
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait,
Upon the minister of state :
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors :
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacques, waiters,
Their master's manners still contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court, both great and small,
Behave alike, for all ape all.

STANZAS

STANZAS

ON THE

TAKING OF 'QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart;
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

O, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

ON

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND

BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he shou'd be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

A SONNET.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause to fear.

THE

THE LIFE OF
HENRY ST JOHN,
LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

THERE are some characters that seem formed by nature to take delight in struggling with opposition, and whose most agreeable hours are passed in storms of their own creating. The subject of the present sketch was perhaps of all others the most indefatigable in raising himself enemies, to shew his power in subduing them; and was not less employed in improving his superior talents, than in finding objects on which to exercise their activity. His life was spent in a continued conflict of politics; and, as if that was too short for the combat, he has left his memory as a subject of lasting contention.

It is indeed no easy matter to preserve an acknowledged impartiality, in talking of a man so differently regarded on account of his political, as well as his religious principles. Those whom his politics
may

may please, will be sure to condemn him for his religion; and, on the contrary, those most strongly attached to his theological opinions, are the most likely to decry his politics. On whatever side he is regarded, he is sure to have opposers; and this was perhaps what he most desired, having from nature a mind better pleased with the struggle than the victory.

Henry St John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, was born in the year 1672, at Battersea in Surry, at a seat that had been in the possession of his ancestors for ages before. His family was of the first rank, equally conspicuous for its antiquity, dignity, and large possessions. It is found to trace its original as high as Adam de Port, Baron of Basing in Hampshire, before the conquest; and in a succession of ages to have produced warriors, patriots, and statesmen, some of whom were conspicuous for their loyalty, and others for their defending the rights of the people. His grandfather, Sir Walter St John, of Battersea, marrying one of the daughters of Lord Chief Justice St John, who as all know was strongly attached to the republican party, Henry, the subject of the present memoir, was brought up in his family, and consequently imbibed the first principles of his education amongst the dissenters. At that time

Daniel

Daniel Burgeſs, a fanatic of a very peculiar kind, being at once poſſeſſed of zeal and humour, as well known for the archneſs of his conceits as the furious obſtinacy of his principles, was confeſſor in the Presbyterian way to his grandmother, and was appointed to direct our author's firſt ſtudies. Nothing is ſo apt to diſguſt a feeling mind as miſtaken zeal; and perhaps the abſurdity of the firſt lectures he received might have given him that contempt for all religions, which he might have juſtly conceived againſt one. Indeed no taſk can be more mortifying than that he was condemned to undergo: "I was obliged (ſays he in one place), while yet a boy, to read over the Commentaries of Dr Manton, whoſe pride it was to have made an hundred and nineteen ſermons on the hundred and nineteenth pſalm." Dr Manton and his ſermons were not likely to prevail much on one who was perhaps the moſt ſharp-ſighted in the world at diſcovering the abſurdities of others, however he might have been guilty of eſtabliſhing many of his own.

But theſe dreary inſtitutions were of no very long continuance; as ſoon as it was fit to take him out of the hands of the women, he was ſent to Eaton School, and removed thence to Chriſt Church College in Oxford. His genius and underſtanding were

seen and admired in both these seminaries : but his love of pleasure had so much the ascendancy, that he seemed contented rather with the consciousness of his own great powers than their exertion. However, his friends, and those who knew him most intimately, were thoroughly sensible of the extent of his mind ; and when he left the university, he was considered as one who had the fairest opportunity of making a shining figure in active life.

Nature seemed not less kind to him in her external embellishments than in adorning his mind. With the graces of an handsome person, and a face in which dignity was happily blended with sweetness, he had a manner of address that was very engaging. His vivacity was always awake, his apprehension was quick, his wit refined, and his memory amazing : His subtilty in thinking and reasoning were profound, and all these talents were adorned with an elocution that was irresistible.

To the assemblage of so many gifts from nature, it was expected that art would soon give her finishing hand ; and that a youth begun in excellence would soon arrive at perfection : but such is the perverseness of human nature, that an age which should have been employed in the acquisition of knowledge,

was

was dissipated in pleasure, and, instead of aiming to excel in praise-worthy pursuits, Bolingbroke seemed more ambitious of being thought the greatest rake about town. This period might have been compared to that of fermentation in liquors, which grow muddy before they brighten; but it must also be confessed, that those liquors which never ferment are seldom clear. In this state of disorder he was not without his lucid intervals; and even while he was noted for keeping Miss Gumley, the most expensive prostitute in the kingdom, and bearing the greatest quantity of wine without intoxication, he even then despised his paltry ambition. "The love of study (says he), and desire of knowledge, were what I felt all my life; and though my genius, unlike the dæmon of Socrates, whispered so softly, that very often I heard him not in the hurry of these passions with which I was transported, yet some calmer hours there were, and in them I hearkened to him." These secret admonitions were indeed very few, since his excesses are remembered to this very day. I have spoke to an old man, who assured me that he saw him and another of his companions run naked through the Park, in a fit of intoxication; but then it was at a time when public decency might be transgressed with less danger than at present.

During this period, as all his attachments were to pleasure, so his studies only seemed to lean that way. His first attempts were in poetry, in which he discovers more wit than taste, more labour than harmony in his versification. We have a copy of his verses prefixed to Dryden's Virgil, complimenting the poet, and praising his translation. We have another not so well known, prefixed to a French work, published in Holland, by the Chevalier de St Hyacinth, entitled, *Le Chef de Oeuvre d'un Inconnu*. This performance is an humorous piece of criticism upon a miserable old ballad, and Bolingbroke's compliment, though written in English, is printed in Greek characters, so that at the first glance it may deceive the eye, and be mistaken for real Greek. There are two or three things more of his composition, which have appeared since his death, but which neither do honour to his parts or memory.

In this mad career of pleasure he continued for some time; but at length, in 1700, when he arrived at the twenty-eighth year of his age, he began to take a dislike to this method of living, and to find that sensual pleasure alone was not sufficient to make the happiness of a reasonable creature. He therefore made his first effort to break from his state of infatuation, by marrying the daughter and co-heiress

heirefs of Sir Henry Winchefcomb, a descendant from the famous Jack of Newbury, who, though but a clothier, in the reign of Henry VIII. was able to entertain the King and all his retinue in the most splendid manner. This lady was possessed of a fortune exceeding forty thousand pounds, and was not deficient in mental accomplishments; but whether he was not yet fully satiated with his former pleasures, or whether her temper was not conformable to his own, it is certain they were far from living happily together. After cohabiting for some time together, they parted by mutual consent, both equally displeased; he complaining of the obstinacy of her temper, she of the shamelessness of his infidelity. A great part of her fortune some time after, upon his attainder, was given her back; but as her family estates were settled upon him, he enjoyed them after her death, upon the reversal of his attainder.

Having taken a resolution to quit the allurements of pleasure for the stronger attractions of ambition, soon after his marriage, he procured a seat in the House of Commons, being elected for the borough of Wooten-Bassett, in Wiltshire, his father having served several times for the same place. Besides his natural endowments, and his large fortune, he had
other

other very considerable advantages that gave him weight in the Senate, and seconded his views of preferment. His grandfather, Sir Walter St John, was still alive, and that gentleman's interest was so great in his own county of Wilts, that he represented it two parliaments in a former reign. His father also was then the representative for the same, and the interest of his wife's family in the house was very extensive. Thus Bolingbroke took his seat with many accidental helps, but his chief and great resource lay in his own extensive abilities.

At that time the Whig and the Tory parties were strongly opposed in the House, and pretty nearly balanced. In the latter years of King William, the Tories, who from every motive were opposed to the Court, had been gaining popularity, and now began to make a public stand against their competitors. Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, a staunch and confirmed Tory, was, in the year 1700, chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and was continued in the same upon the accession of Queen Anne, the year ensuing. Bolingbroke had all along been bred up, as was before observed, among the Dissenters, his Friends leaned to that persuasion, and all his connections were in the Whig interest. However, either from principle,
or

or from perceiving the Tory party to be then gaining ground, while the Whigs were declining, he soon changed his connections, and joined himself to Harely, for whom he then had the greatest esteem: nor did he bring him his vote alone, but his opinion; which even before the end of his first session he rendered very considerable, the House perceiving, even in so young a speaker, the greatest eloquence, united with the profoundest discernment. The year following he was again chosen anew for the same borough, and persevered in his former attachments, by which he gained such an authority and influence in the House, that it was thought proper to reward his merit; and on the 10th of April 1704, he was appointed Secretary at War, and of the Marines, his friend Harley having a little before been made Secretary of State.

The Tory party being thus established in power, it may easily be supposed that every method would be used to depress the Whig interest, and to prevent it from rising; yet so much justice was done even to Merit in an enemy, that the Duke of Marlborough, who might be considered as at the head of the opposite party, was supplied with all the necessaries for carrying on the war in Flanders with vigour; and it is remarkable, that the greatest events
of

of his campaigns, such as the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, and several glorious attempts made by the Duke to shorten the war by some decisive action, fell out while Bolingbroke was Secretary at War. In fact, he was a sincere admirer of that great general, and avowed it upon all occasions to the last moment of his life: he knew his faults, he admired his virtues, and had the boast of being instrumental in giving lustre to those triumphs, by which his own power was in a manner over-thrown.

As the affairs of the nation were then in as fluctuating a state as at present, Harley, after maintaining the lead for above three years, was in his turn obliged to submit to the Whigs, who once more became the prevailing party, and he was compelled to resign the seals. The friendship between him and Bolingbroke seems at this time to have been sincere and disinterested; for the latter chose to follow his fortune, and the next day resigned his employments in the Administration, following his friend's example, and setting an example at once of integrity and moderation. As an instance of this, when his coadjutors the Tories were for carrying a violent measure in the House of Commons, in order to bring the Princess Sophia into England, Bolingbroke so artfully opposed it, that it dropped without

a debate. For this his moderation was praised, but perhaps at the expence of his sagacity.

For some time the Whigs seemed to have gained a complete triumph, and upon the election of a new parliament, in the year 1708, Bolingbroke was not returned. The interval which followed of above two years, he employed in the severest study; and this recluse period he ever after used to consider as the most active and serviceable of his whole life. But his retirement was soon interrupted, by the prevailing of his party once more; for the Whig parliament being dissolved in the year 1710, he was again chosen, and Harley being made Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Exchequer, the important post of Secretary of State was given to our author, in which he discovered a degree of genius and assiduity that perhaps have never been known to be united in one person to the same degree.

The English annals scarce produce a more trying juncture, or that required such various abilities to regulate. He was then placed in a sphere, where he was obliged to conduct the machine of state, struggling with a thousand various calamities; a desperate and enraged party, whose characteristic it has

ever been to bear none in power but themselves; a war conducted by an able general, his professed opponent, and whose victories only tended to render him every day more formidable; a foreign enemy, possessed of endless resources, and seeming to gather strength from every defeat; an insidious alliance, that wanted only to gain the advantages of victory, without contributing to the expences of the combat; a weak declining mistress, that was led by every report, and seemed ready to listen to whatever was said against him; still more, a gloomy, indolent, and suspicious colleague, that envied his power, and hated him for his abilities: these were a part of the difficulties that Bolingbroke had to struggle with in office, and under which he was to conduct the treaty of the peace of Utrecht, which was considered as one of the most complicated negotiations that history can afford. But nothing seemed too great for his abilities and industry, he set himself to the undertaking with spirit: he began to pave the way to the intended treaty by making the people discontented at the continuance of the war: for this purpose he employed himself in drawing up accurate computations of the numbers of our own men, and that of foreigners employed in its destructive progress. He even wrote in the *Examiners*, and other periodical papers of the times, shewing how much
of

of the burthen rested upon England, and how little was sustained by those who falsely boasted their alliance. By these means, and after much debate in the House of Commons, the Queen received a petition from Parliament, shewing the hardships the allies had put upon England in carrying on this war, and consequently how necessary it was to apply relief to so ill-judged a connexion. It may be easily supposed that the Dutch, against whom this petition was chiefly levelled, did all that was in their power to oppose it; many of the foreign courts also, with whom we had any transactions, were continually at work to defeat the Minister's intentions. Memorial was delivered after memorial; the people of England, the Parliament, and all Europe were made acquainted with the injustice and the dangers of such a proceeding: however, Bolingbroke went on with steadiness and resolution, and although the attacks of his enemies at home might have been deemed sufficient to employ his attention, yet he was obliged at the same time that he furnished materials to the press in London, to furnish instructions to all our Ministers and Ambassadors abroad, who would do nothing but in pursuance of his directions. As an orator, in the Senate he exerted all his eloquence; he stated all the great points that were brought before the house; he answered the objections that were

made by the leaders of the opposition; and all this with such success, that even his enemies, while they opposed his power, acknowledged his abilities. Indeed, such were the difficulties he had to encounter, that we find him acknowledging himself some years after, that he never looked back on this great event, passed as it was, without a secret emotion of mind, when he compared the vastness of the undertaking, and the importance of the success, with the means employed to bring it about, and with those which were employed to frustrate his intentions.

While he was thus industriously employed, he was not without the rewards that deserved to follow such abilities, joined to so much assiduity. In July 1712, he was created Baron St John, of Lidyard Tregoze, in Wiltshire, and Viscount Bolingbroke, by the last of which titles he is now generally known, and is likely to be talked of by posterity: he was also the same year appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Essex. By the titles of Tregoze and Bolingbroke, he united the honours of the elder and younger branch of his family; and thus transmitted into one channel, the opposing interests of two races that had been distinguished, one for their loyalty to King Charles I. the other for their attachment to the parliament that opposed him. It was afterwards his
boast,

boast, that he steered clear of the extremes for which his ancestors had been distinguished, having kept the spirit of freedom of the one, and acknowledged the subordination that distinguished the other.

Bolingbroke being thus raised very near the summit of power, began to perceive more nearly the defects of him who was placed there. He now began to find that Lord Oxford, whose party he had followed, and whose person he had esteemed, was by no means so able or so industrious as he supposed him to be. He now began from his heart to renounce the friendship which he once had for his coadjutor; he began to imagine him treacherous, mean, indolent, and invidious; he even began to ascribe his own promotion to Oxford's hatred, and to suppose that he was sent up to the House of Lords only to render him contemptible. These suspicions were partly true, and partly suggested by Bolingbroke's own ambition; being sensible of his own superior importance and capacity, he could not bear to see another take the lead in public affairs, when he knew they owed their chief success to his own management. Whatever might have been his motives, whether of contempt, hatred, or ambition, it is certain an irreconcilable breach began between these two leaders of their party; their mutual hatred was so great,

great, that even their own common interest, the vigour of their negotiations, and the safety of their friends, were entirely sacrificed to it. It was in vain that Swift, who was admitted into their counsels, urged the unseasonable impropriety of their disputes; that while they were thus at variance within the walls, the enemy were making irreparable breaches without. Bolingbroke's antipathy was so great, that even success would have been hateful to him, if Lord Oxford were to be a partner. He abhorred him to that degree, that he could not bear to be joined with him in any case; and even some time after, when the lives of both were aimed at, he could not think of concerting measures with him for their mutual safety, preferring even death itself to the appearance of a temporary friendship.

Nothing could have been more weak and injudicious than their mutual animosities at this juncture; and it may be asserted with truth, that men who were unable to suppress or conceal resentments upon such a trying occasion, were unfit to take the lead in any measures, be their industry or their abilities ever so great. In fact, their dissensions were soon found to involve not only them, but their party, in utter ruin; their hopes had for some time been declining, the Whigs were daily gaining ground, and the

the Queen's death soon after totally destroyed all their schemes with their power.

Upon the accession of George I. to the throne, dangers began to threaten the late Ministry on every side; whether they had really intentions of bringing in the Pretender, or whether the Whigs made it a pretext for destroying them, is uncertain; but the King very soon began to shew, that they were to expect neither favour nor mercy at his hands. Upon his landing at Greenwich, when the Court came to wait upon him, and Lord Oxford among the number, he studiously avoided taking any notice of him, and testified his resentment by the caresses he bestowed upon the members of the opposite faction. A regency had been some time before appointed to govern the kingdom, and Addison was made Secretary. Bolingbroke still maintained his place of State Secretary, but subject to the contempt of the great, and the insults of the mean. The first step taken by them to mortify him, was to order all letters and packets directed to the Secretary of State to be sent to Mr Addison; so that Bolingbroke was in fact removed from his office, that is, the execution of it, in two days after the Queen's death. But this was not the worst, for his mortifications were continually heightened, by the daily humiliation

humiliation of waiting at the door of the apartment where the regency sat, with a bag in his hand, and being all the time, as it were on purpose, exposed to the insolence of those who were tempted by their natural malevolence, or who expected to make their court to those in power by abusing him.

Upon this sudden turn of fortune, when the seals were taken from him, he went into the country, and having received a message from Court, to be present when the seal was taken from the door of the Secretary's office, he excused himself, alledging, that so trifling a ceremony might as well be performed by one of the Under Secretaries; but at the same time requested the honour of kissing the King's hand, to whom he testified the utmost submission. This request however was rejected with disdain: the King had been taught to regard him as an enemy, and threw himself entirely on the Whigs for safety and protection.

The new parliament, mostly composed of Whigs, met the 17th of March; and, in the King's speech from the throne, many inflaming hints were given, and many methods of violence were chalked out to the two houses. "The first steps (says Lord Bolingbroke, speaking on this occasion) in both were perfectly

perfectly answerable; and, to the shame of the peerage be it spoken, I saw at that time several Lords concur to condemn, in one general vote, all that they had approved in a former parliament, by many particular resolutions. Among several bloody resolutions proposed and agitated at this time, the resolution of impeaching me of high treason was taken; and I took that of leaving England, not in a panic terror, improved by the artifices of the Duke of Marlborough, whom I knew even at that time too well to act by his advice or information, in any case, but on such grounds as the proceedings which soon followed sufficiently justified, and such as I have never repented building upon. Those who blamed it in the first heat, were soon after obliged to change their language: for what other resolution could I take? The method of prosecution designed against me, would have put me out of a condition immediately to act for myself, or to serve those who were less exposed than me, but who were however in danger. On the other hand, how few were there on whose assistance I could depend, or to whom I would even in these circumstances be obliged. The ferment in the nation was wrought up to a considerable height; but there was at that time no reason to expect that it could influence the proceedings in parliament, in favour of those who

should be accused; left to its own movement, it was much more proper to quicken than slacken the prosecution; and who was there to guide its motions? The Tories, who had been true to one another to the last, were a handful, and no great vigour could be expected from them: the Whimsicals, disappointed of the figure which they hoped to make, began indeed to join their old friends. One of the principal among them, namely, the Earl of Anglesea, was so very good as to confess to me, that if the Court had called the servants of the late Queen to account, and stopped there, he must have considered himself as a judge, and acted according to his conscience, on what should have appeared to him: but that war had been declared to the whole Tory party, and that now the state of things was altered. This discourse needed no commentary, and proved to me, that I had never erred in the judgment I made of this set of men. Could I then resolve to be obliged to them, or to suffer with Oxford? As much as I was still heated by the disputes in which I had been all my life engaged against the Whigs, I would sooner have chosen to owe my security to their indulgence than to the assistance of the Whimsicals: but I thought banishment, with all her train of evils, preferable to either."

Such

Such was the miserable situation to which he was reduced upon this occasion; of all the number of his former flatterers and dependents, scarce one was found remaining. Every hour brought fresh reports of his alarming situation, and the dangers which threatened him and his party on all sides. Prior, who had been employed in negotiating the treaty of Utrecht, was come over to Dover, and had promised to reveal all he knew. The Duke of Marlborough planted his creatures round his Lordship, who artfully endeavoured to increase the danger; and an impeachment was actually preparing, in which he was accused of high treason. It argued therefore no great degree of timidity in his Lordship, to take the first opportunity to withdraw from danger, and to suffer the first boilings of popular animosity to quench the flame that had been raised against him: accordingly, having made a gallant shew of despising the machinations against him, having appeared in a very unconcerned manner at the play-house in Drury-lane, and having bespoke another play for the night ensuing; having subscribed to a new opera that was to be acted some time after, and talked of making an elaborate defence, he went off that same night in disguise to Dover, as a servant to Le Vigne, a messenger belonging to the French King; and there one William Morgan, who had been a

Captain in General Hill's regiment of dragoons, hired a vessel, and carried him over to Calais, where the governor attended him in his coach, and carried him to his house with all possible distinction.

The news of Lord Bolingbroke's flight was soon known over the whole town; and the next day, a letter from him to Lord Lansdowne was handed about in print, to the following effect:

"MY LORD,

"I left the town so abruptly, that I had no time to take leave of you or any of my friends. You will excuse me, when you know that I had certain and repeated informations, from some who are in the secret of affairs, that a resolution was taken by those who have power to execute it, to pursue me to the scaffold. My blood was to have been the cement of a new alliance, nor could my innocence be any security, after it had once been demanded from abroad, and resolved on at home, that it was necessary to cut me off. Had there been the least reason to hope for a fair and open trial, after having been already prejudged unheard by two Houses of Parliament, I should not have declined the strictest examination. I challenge the most inveterate of enemies to produce any one instance of a criminal correspondence,

correspondence, or the least corruption of any part of the administration in which I was concerned. If my zeal for the honour and dignity of my royal mistress, and the true interest of my country, has anywhere transported me to let slip a warm or unguarded expression, I hope the most favourable interpretation will be put upon it. It is a comfort that will remain with me in all my misfortunes, that I served her Majesty faithfully and dutifully, in that especially which she had most at heart, relieving her people from a bloody and expensive war, and that I have also been too much an Englishman, to sacrifice the interest of my country to any foreign ally; and it is for this crime only that I am now driven from thence. You shall here more at large from me shortly.

Yours," &c.

No sooner was it universally known that he was retired to France, than his flight was construed into a proof of his guilt; and his enemies accordingly set about driving on his impeachment with redoubled alacrity. Mr, afterwards Sir Robert Walpole, who had suffered a good deal by his attachment to the Whig interest during the former reign, now undertook to bring in and conduct the charge against him in the House of Commons. His impeachment consisted

sisted of six articles, which Walpole read to the House, in substance as follows. First, That whereas the Lord Bolingbroke had assured the Dutch Ministers, that the Queen his mistress would make no peace but in concert with them, yet he had sent Mr Prior to France, that same year, with proposals for a treaty of peace with that Monarch, without the consent of the allies. Secondly, That he advised and promoted the making a separate treaty of convention with France, which was signed in September. Thirdly, That he disclosed to M. Mesnager, the French Minister at London, this convention, which was the preliminary instructions to her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht. Fourthly, That her Majesty's final instructions to her Plenipotentiaries were disclosed by him to the Abbot Gualtier, who was an emissary of France. Fifthly, That he disclosed to the French the manner how Tournay in Flanders might be gained by them. And lastly, That he advised and promoted the yielding up Spain and the West Indies to the Duke of Anjou, then an enemy to her Majesty. These were urged by Walpole with great vehemence, and aggravated with all the eloquence of which he was master. He challenged any person in the house to appear in behalf of the accused; and asserted, that to vindicate, were in a manner to share his guilt. In
this

this universal consternation of the Tory party, none was for some time seen to stir; but at length General Ross, who had received favours from his Lordship, boldly stood up, and said he wondered that no man more capable was found to appear in defence of the accused. However, in attempting to proceed, he hesitated so much, that he was obliged to sit down, observing, that he would reserve what he had to say to another opportunity. It may easily be supposed, that the Whigs found no great difficulty in passing the vote for his impeachment through the House of Commons. It was brought into that House on the 10th of June 1715; It was sent up to the House of Lords on the 6th of August ensuing, and in consequence of which he was attainted by them of high treason on the 10th of September. Nothing could be more unjust than such a sentence; but justice had been long drowned in the spirit of party.

Bolingbroke thus finding all hopes cut off at home, began to think of improving his wretched fortune upon the continent. He had left England with a very small fortune, and his attainder totally cut off all resources for the future. In this depressed situation, he began to listen to some proposals which were made him by the Pretender, who was
then

then residing at Barr, in France, and who was desirous of admitting Bolingbroke into his secret councils. A proposal of this nature had been made him shortly after his arrival at Paris, and before his attainer at home; but while he had yet any hopes of succeeding in England, he absolutely refused, and made the best applications his ruined fortune would permit, to prevent the extremity of his prosecution.

He had for some time waited for an opportunity of determining himself, even after he found it vain to think of making his peace at home. He let his Jacobite friends in England know that they had but to command him, and he was ready to venture in their service the little all that remained, as frankly as he had exposed all that was gone. At length (says he, talking of himself), those commands came, and were executed in the following manner. The person who was sent to me, arrived in the beginning of July 1715 at the place to which I had retired in Dauphine. He spoke in the name of all the friends whose authority could influence me; and he brought me word that Scotland was not only ready to take arms, but under some sort of dissatisfaction to be withheld from beginning: that in England the people were exasperated against the government to such a degree, that, far from wanting

ing to be encouraged, they could not be restrained from insulting it on every occasion; that the whole Tory party was become avowedly Jacobites; that many officers of the army, and the majority of the soldiers, were well affected to the cause; that the city of London was ready to rise, and that the enterprizes for seizing of several places were ripe for execution; in a word, that most of the principal Tories were in a concert with the Duke of Ormond (for I had pressed particularly to be informed whether his Grace acted alone, or if not, who were his council); and that the others were so disposed, that there remained no doubt of their joining as soon as the first blow should be struck. He added, that my friends were a little surprised to observe that I lay neuter in such a conjuncture. He represented to me the danger I ran of being prevented by people of all sides from having the merit of engaging early in this enterprise, and how unaccountable it would be for a man, impeached and attainted under the present government, to take no share in bringing about a revolution so near at hand, and so certain. He entreated that I would defer no longer to join the Chevalier, to advise and assist in carrying on his affairs, and to solicit and negotiate at the court of France, where my friends imagined that I should not fail to meet a favourable reception,

and from whence they made no doubt of receiving assistance in a situation of affairs so critical, so unexpected, and so promising. He concluded, by giving me a letter from the Pretender, whom he had seen in his way to me, in which I was pressed to repair without loss of time to Comercy; and this instance was grounded on the message which the bearer of the letter had brought me from England. In the progress of the conversation with the messenger, he related a number of facts, which satisfied me as to the general disposition of the people; but he gave me little satisfaction as to the measures taken to improve this disposition, for driving the business on with vigour, if it tended to a revolution, or for supporting it to advantage if it spun into a war. When I questioned him concerning several persons whose disinclination to the government admitted no doubt, and whose names, quality, and experience were very essential to the success of the undertaking; he owned to me that they kept a great reserve, and did at most but encourage others to act by general and dark expressions. I received this account and this summons ill in my bed; yet, important as the matter was, a few minutes served to determine me. The circumstances wanting to form a reasonable inducement to engage, did not excuse me; but the smart of a bill of attainder tingled in every vein, and

and I looked on my party to be under oppression, and to call for my assistance. Besides which, I considered first that I should be certainly informed, when I conferred with the Chevalier, of many particulars unknown to this gentleman; for I did not imagine that the English could be so near to take up arms as he represented them to be, on no other foundation than that which he exposed,

In this manner having for some time debated with himself, and taken his resolution, he lost no time in repairing to the Pretender at Comercy, and took the seals of that nominal King, as he had formerly those of his potent mistress. But this was a terrible falling off indeed; and the very first conversation he had with this weak projector, gave him the most unfavourable expectations of future success. He talked to me (says his Lordship) like a man who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but who did not very well know for which; and when he entered into the particulars of his affairs, I found, that, concerning the former, he had nothing more circumstantial or positive to go upon, than what I have already related. But the Duke of Ormond had been for some time, I cannot say how long, engaged with the Chevalier: he had taken the direction of this whole affair, as far as it

related to England, upon himself, and had received a commission for this purpose, which contained the most ample powers that could be given. But still, however, all was unsettled, undetermined, and ill understood. The Duke had asked from France a small body of forces, a sum of money, and a quantity of ammunition; but to the first part of the request he received a flat denial, but was made to hope that some arms and some ammunition might be given. This was but a very gloomy prospect; yet hope swelled the depressed party so high, that they talked of nothing less than an instant and ready revolution. It was their interest to be secret and industrious; but rendered sanguine by their passions, they made no doubt of subverting a government with which they were angry, and gave as great an alarm as would have been imprudent at the eve of a general insurrection.

Such was the state of things when Bolingbroke arrived to take up his new office at Comercy; and although he saw the deplorable state of the party with which he was embarked, yet he resolved to give his affairs the best complexion he was able, and set out for Paris, in order to procure from that court, the necessary succours for his new master's invasion of England. But his reception and negotiations at
Paris

Paris were still more unpromising than those at Com-
mercy, and nothing but absolute infatuation seemed
to dictate every measure taken by the party. He
there found a multitude of people at work, and eve-
ry one doing what seemed good in his own eyes;
no subordination, no order, no concert. The Ja-
cobites had wrought one another up to look upon
the success of the present designs as infallible: every
meeting-house which the populace demolished, as
he himself says, every little drunken riot which hap-
pened, served to confirm them in these sanguine
expectations; and there was hardly one among
them who would lose the air of contributing by his
intrigues to the restoration, which he took for
granted would be brought about in a few weeks.
Care and hope, says our author very humorously,
sat on every busy Irish face; those who could read
and write had letters to shew, and those who had
not arrived at this pitch of erudition had their se-
crets to whisper. No sex was excluded from this
ministry, Fanny Oglethorpe kept her corner in it,
and Olive Trant, a woman of the same mixed re-
putation, was the great wheel of this political ma-
chine. The ridiculous correspondence was carried
on with England by people of like importance, and
who were busy in founding the alarm in the ears of
an enemy whom it was their interest to surprise.

By

By these means, as he himself continues to inform us, the government of England was put upon its guard; so that, before he came to Paris, what was doing had been discovered. The little armament made at Havre de Grace, which furnished the only means to the Pretender of landing on the coasts of Britain, and which had exhausted the treasury of St Germain, was talked of publicly. The Earl of Stair, the English Minister at that city, very soon discovered its destination, and all the particulars of the intended invasion; the names of the persons from whom supplies came, and who were particularly active in the design, were whispered about at tea-tables and coffee-houses. In short, what by the indiscretion of the projectors, what by the private interests and ambitious views of the French, the most private transactions came to light; and such of the more prudent plotters, who supposed that they had trusted their heads to the keeping of one or two friends, were in reality at the mercy of numbers. Into such company, exclaims our noble writer, was I fallen for my sins. Still, however, he went on, steering in the wide ocean without a compass, till the death of Louis XIV. and the arrival of the Duke of Ormond at Paris, rendered all his endeavours abortive. Yet notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, he still continued to
dispatch

dispatch several messages and directions for England, to which he received very evasive and ambiguous answers. Among the number of these, he drew up a paper at Chaville, in concert with the Duke of Ormond, Marshall Berwick, and De Torcy, which was sent to England just before the death of the King of France, representing that France could not answer the demands of their memorial, and praying directions what to do. A reply to this came to him through the French Secretary of State, wherein they declared themselves unable to say any thing, till they saw what turn affairs would take on the death of the King, which had reached their ears. Upon another occasion, a message coming from Scotland to press the Chevalier to hasten their rising, he dispatched a messenger to London to the Earl of Mar, to tell him that the concurrence of England in the insurrection, was ardently wished and expected; but instead of that nobleman's waiting for instructions, he had already gone into the Highlands, and had actually put himself at the head of his clans. After this, in concert with the Duke of Ormond, he dispatched one Mr Hamilton, who got all the papers by heart, for fear of a miscarriage, to their friends in England, to inform them, that though the Chevalier was destitute of succour, and all reasonable hopes of it, yet he would
land

land as they pleased in England or Scotland, at a minute's warning; and therefore they might rise immediately after they had sent dispatches to him. To this message Mr Hamilton returned very soon with an answer given by Lord Lansdowne, in the name of all the persons privy to the secret, that since affairs grew daily worse, and would not mend by delay, the malcontents in England had resolved to declare immediately, and would be ready to join the Duke of Ormond on his landing; adding, that his person would be as safe in England as in Scotland, and that in every other respect it was better he should land in England; that they had used their utmost endeavours, and hoped the western counties would be in a good posture to receive him, and that he should land as near as possible to Plymouth. With these assurances the Duke of Ormond embarked, though he had heard before of the seizure of many of his most zealous adherents, of the dispersion of many more, and the consternation of all; so that, upon his arrival at Plymouth, finding nothing in readiness, he returned to Brittany. In these circumstances the Pretender himself sent to have a vessel got ready for him at Dunkirk, in which he went to Scotland, leaving Lord Bolingbroke all this while at Paris, to try if by any means some assistance might not be procured, without

thout which all hopes of success were at an end. It was during his negotiation upon this miserable proceeding, that he was sent for by Mrs Trant (a woman who had some time before ingratiated herself with the Regent of France, by supplying him with mistresses from England), to a little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where she lived with Mademoiselle Chauffery, an old superannuated waiting-woman belonging to the Regent. By these he was acquainted with the measures they had taken for the service of the Duke of Ormond; although Bolingbroke, who was actual secretary to the negotiation, had never been admitted to a confidence in their secrets. He was therefore a little surpris'd, at finding such mean agents employed without his privity, and very soon found them utterly unequal to the task. He quickly therefore withdrew himself from such wretched auxiliaries, and the Regent himself seem'd pleas'd at his defection.

In the mean time the Pretender set sail from Dunkirk for Scotland; and though Bolingbroke had all along perceiv'd that his cause was hopeless and his projects ill designed; although he had met with nothing but opposition and disappointment in his service; yet he consider'd that this of all others was the time he could not be permitted to relax in

the cause. He now therefore neglected no means, forgot no argument which his understanding could suggest, in applying to the Court of France: but his success was not answerable to his industry. The King of France, not able to furnish the Pretender with money himself, had writ some time before his death to his grandson the King of Spain, and had obtained from him a promise of forty thousand crowns. A small part of this sum had been received by the Queen's Treasurer at St Germain's, and had been sent to Scotland, or employed to defray the expences which were daily making on the coast: at the same time Bolingbroke pressed the Spanish Ambassador at Paris, and solicited the Minister at the Court of Spain. He took care to have a number of officers picked out of the Irish troops which serve in France, gave them their routes, and sent a ship to receive and transport them to Scotland. Still however the money came in so slowly, and in such trifling sums, that it turned to little account; and the officers were on their way to the Pretender. At the same time he formed a design of engaging French Privateers in the expedition, that were to have carried whatever should be necessary to send to any part of Britain in their first voyage, and then to cruize under the Pretender's commission. He had actually agreed for some, and had it in his pow-

er to have made the same bargain with others: Sweden on one side, and Scotland on the other, could have afforded them retreats; and if the war had been kept up in any part of the mountains, this armament would have been of the utmost advantage. But all his projects and negotiations failed, by the Pretender's precipitate return, who was not above six weeks in his expedition, and flew out of Scotland even before all had been tried in his defence.

The expedition being in this manner totally defeated, Bolingbroke now began to think that it was his duty, as well as interest, to save the poor remains of the disappointed party. He never had any great opinion of the Pretender's success before he set off; but when this adventurer had taken the last step which it was in his power to make, our Secretary then resolved to suffer neither him, nor the Scotch, to be any longer bubbles of their own credulity, and of the scandalous artifices of the French Court. In a conversation he had with the Marshal de Huxelles, he took occasion to declare, that he would not be the instrument of amusing the Scotch; and since he was able to do them no service, he would at least inform them of what little dependence they might place upon assistance from France.

He added, that he would send them vessels, which, with those already on the coast of Scotland, might serve to bring off the Pretender, the Earl of Mar, and as many others as possible. The Marshal approved his resolution, and advised him to execute it as the only thing which was left to do; but in the mean time the Pretender landed at Graveline, and gave orders to stop all vessels bound on his account to Scotland; and Bolingbroke saw him the morning after his arrival at St Germain, and he received him with open arms.

As it was the Secretary's business, as soon as Bolingbroke heard of his return, he went to acquaint the French Court with it, when it was recommended to him to advise the Pretender to proceed to Bar with all possible diligence; and in this measure Bolingbroke entirely concurred. But the Pretender himself was in no such haste; he had a mind to stay some time at St Germain, and in the neighbourhood of Paris, and to have a private meeting with the Regent: He accordingly sent Bolingbroke to solicit this meeting, who exerted all his influence in the negotiation. He wrote and spoke to the Marshal de Huxelles, who answered him by word of mouth and by letters, refusing him by both, and assuring him that the Regent said the things which were

were asked were puerilities, and swore he would not see him. The Secretary, no ways displeased with his ill success, returned with this answer to his master, who acquiesced in this determination, and declared he would instantly set out for Lorrain, at the same time assuring Bolingbroke of his firm reliance on his integrity.

However, the Pretender, instead of taking post for Lorrain, as he had promised, went to a little house in the Bois de Boulonge, where his female ministers resided, and there continued for several days, seeing the Spanish and Swedish Ministers, and even the Regent himself. It might have been in these interviews that he was set against his new Secretary, and taught to believe that he had been remiss in his duty, and false to his trust. Be this as it will, a few days after, the Duke of Ormond came to see Bolingbroke, and having first prepared him for the surprise, put into his hands a note directed to the Duke, and a little scrap of paper directed to the Secretary; they were both in the Pretender's hand-writing, and dated as if written by him on his way to Lorrain: but in this Bolingbroke was not to be deceived, who knew the place of his present residence. In one of these papers the Pretender declared that he had no further occasion for the Secretary's

cretary's service, and the other was an order to him to give up the papers in his office; all which, he observes, might have been contained in a letter-case of a moderate size. He gave the Duke the seals, and some papers which he could readily come at; but for some others, in which there were several insinuations under the Pretender's own hand, reflecting upon the Duke himself, these he took care to convey by a safe hand, since it would have been very improper that the Duke should have seen them. As he thus gave up without scruple all the papers which remained in his hands, because he was determined never to make use of them, so he declares he took a secret pride in never asking for those of his own which were in the Pretender's hands; contenting himself with making the Duke understand how little need there was to get rid of a man in this manner, who only wanted an opportunity to get rid of the Pretender and his cause. In fact, if we survey the measures taken on the one side, and the abilities of the man on the other, it will not appear any way wonderful that he should be disgusted with a party who had neither principle to give a foundation to their hopes, union to advance them, or abilities to put them in motion.

Bolingbroke

Bolingbroke being thus dismissed from the Pretender's service, he supposed that he had got rid of the trouble and the ignominy of so mean an employment at the same time; but he was mistaken: he was no sooner rejected from the office, than articles of impeachment were preferred against him, in the same manner as he had before been impeached in England, though not with such effectual injury to his person and fortune. The articles of his impeachment by the Pretender were branched out into seven heads, in which he was accused of treachery, incapacity, and neglect. The first was, That he was never to be found by those who came to him about business; and if by chance or stratagem they got hold of him, he affected being in a hurry, and by putting them off to another time, still avoided giving them an answer. The second was, That the Earl of Mar complained by six different messengers, at different times, before the Chevalier came from Dunkirk, of his being in want of arms and ammunition, and prayed a speedy relief; and though the things demanded were in my Lord's power, there was not so much as one pound of powder in any of the ships, which by his Lordship's directions parted from France. Thirdly, The Pretender himself, after his arrival, sent General Hamilton to inform him, that his want of arms and ammunition was such,

such, that he should be obliged to leave Scotland, unless he received speedy relief; yet Lord Bolingbroke amused Mr Hamilton twelve days together, and did not introduce him to any of the French Ministers, though he was referred to them for a particular account of affairs; or so much as communicated his letters to the Queen, or any body else. Fourthly, The Count De Castel Blanco had for several months at Havre a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, and did daily ask his Lordship's orders how to dispose of them, but never got any instructions. Fifthly, The Pretender's friends at the French court had for some time past no very good opinion of his Lordship's integrity, and a very bad one of his discretion. Sixthly, At a time when many merchants in France would have carried privately any quantity of arms and ammunition into Scotland, his Lordship desired a public order for the embarkation, which being a thing not to be granted, is said to have been done in order to urge a denial. Lastly, The Pretender wrote to his Lordship by every occasion after his arrival in Scotland; and though there were many opportunities of writing in return, yet from the time he landed there, to the day he left it, he never received any letter from his Lordship.

Such

Such were the articles, by a very extraordinary reverse of fortune, preferred against Lord Bolingbroke, in less than a year after similar articles were drawn up against him by the opposite party at home. It is not easy to find out what he could have done, thus to disoblige all sides; but he had learned by this time to make out happiness from the consciousness of his own designs, and to consider all the rest of mankind as uniting in a faction to oppose virtue.

But though it was mortifying to be thus rejected on both sides, yet he was not remiss in vindicating himself from all. Against these articles of impeachment, therefore, he drew up an elaborate answer, in which he vindicates himself with great plausibility. "He had long," as he assures, "wished to leave the Pretender's service, but was entirely at a loss how to conduct himself in so difficult a resignation; but a length (says he) the Pretender and his Council disposed of things better for me than I could have done for myself. I had resolved, on his return from Scotland, to follow him till his residence should be fixed somewhere; after which, having served the Tories in this, which I looked upon as their last struggle for power, and having continued to act in the Pretender's affairs till the end of the term for which I embarked with him, I should have esteem-

ed myself to be at liberty, and should, in the civilest manner I was able, have taken my leave of him. Had we parted thus, I should have remained in a very strange situation all the rest of my life—On one side, he would have thought that he had a right on any future occasion to call me out of my retreat; the Tories would probably have thought the same thing; my resolution was taken to refuse them both, and I foresaw that both would condemn me: On the other side, the consideration of his having kept measures with me, joined to that of having once openly declared for him, would have created a point of honour by which I should have been tied down, not only from ever engaging against him, but also from making my peace at home. The Pretender cut this Gordian knot asunder at one blow; he broke the links of that chain which former engagements had fastened on me, and gave me a right to esteem myself as free from all obligations of keeping measures with him, as I should have continued if I had never engaged in his interest."

It is not to be supposed, that one so very delicate to preserve his honour would previously have basely betrayed his employer: a man conscious of acting so infamous a part, would have undertaken no defence, but let the accusations, which could not materially

terially affect him, blow over, and wait for the calm that was to succeed in tranquillity. He appeals to all the Ministers with whom he transacted business for the integrity of his proceedings at that juncture; and had he been really guilty, when he opposed the Ministry here after his return, they would not have failed to brand and detect his duplicity. The truth is, that he perhaps was the most disinterested Minister at that time in the Pretender's court; as he had spent great sums of his own money in his service, and never would be obliged to him for a farthing, in which case he believes that he was single. His integrity is much less impeachable on this occasion than his ambition; for all the steps he took may be fairly ascribed to his displeasure at having the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Mar treated more confidentially than himself. It was his aim always to be foremost in every administration, and he could not bear to act as a subaltern in so paltry a court as that of the Pretender.

At all periods of his exile he still looked towards home with secret regret; and had taken every opportunity to apply to those in power, either to soften his prosecutors, or lessen the number of his enemies at home. In accepting his office under the Pretender, he made it a condition to be at liberty

to quit the post whenever he should think proper; and being now disgracefully dismissed, he turned his mind entirely towards making his peace in England, and employing all the unfortunate experience he had acquired to undeceive his Tory friends, and to promote the union and quiet of his native country. It was not a little favourable to his hopes, that about this time, though unknown to him, the Earl of Stair, Ambassador to the French Court, had received full power to treat with him whilst he was engaged with the Pretender; but yet had never made him any proposals, which might be considered as the grossest outrage. But when the breach with the Pretender was universally known, the Earl sent one Monsieur Saludin, a gentleman of Geneva, to Lord Bolingbroke, to communicate to him his Majesty King George's favourable disposition to grant him a pardon, and his own earnest desire to serve him as far as he was able. This was an offer by much too advantageous for Bolingbroke in his wretched circumstances to refuse; he embraced it, as became him to do, with all possible sense of the King's goodness, and of the Ambassador's friendship. They had frequent conferences shortly after upon the subject. The turn which the English Ministry gave the matter, was to enter into a treaty to reverse his attainder, and to stipulate the conditions

tions on which this act of grace should be granted him : but this method of negotiation he would by no means submit to ; the notion of a treaty shocked him, and he resolved never to be restored, rather than go that way to work. Accordingly he opened himself without any reserve to Lord Stair, and told him, “ that he looked upon himself obliged in honour and conscience to undeceive his friends in England, both as to the state of foreign affairs, as to the management of the Jacobite interest abroad, and as to the characters of the persons ; in every one of which points he knew them to be most grossly and dangerously deluded.” He observed, “ that the treatment he had received from the Pretender and his adherents would justify him to the world in doing this. That if he remained in exile all his life, he might be assured that he would never have more to do with the Jacobite cause ; and that if he were restored, he would give it an effectual blow, in making that apology which the Pretender had put him under a necessity of making. That, in doing this, he flattered himself that he should contribute something towards the establishment of the King’s government, and to the union of his subjects.” He added, “ that if the Court thought him sincere in those professions, a treaty with him was unnecessary ; and if they did not believe

lieve so, then a treaty would be dangerous to him.²⁹ The Earl of Stair, who has also confirmed this account of Lord Bolingbroke's, in a letter to Mr Craggs, readily came into his sentiments on this head, and soon after the King approved it upon their representations: He accordingly received a promise of pardon from George I. who, on the second of July 1716, created his father baron of Battersea, in the county of Surry, and Viscount St John. This seemed preparatory to his own restoration; and instead of prosecuting any farther ambitious schemes against the government, he rather began to turn his mind to philosophy; and since he could not gratify his ambition to its full extent, he endeavoured to learn the arts of despising it. The variety of distressful events that had hitherto attended all his struggles, at last had thrown him into a state of reflection, and this produced, by way of relief, a *Consolatio Philosophica*, which he wrote the same year, under the title of Reflections upon Exile. In this piece, in which he professes to imitate the manner of Seneca, he with some wit draws his own picture, and represents himself as suffering persecution for having served his country with abilities and integrity. A state of exile thus incurred, he very justly shews to be rather honourable than distressful; and indeed there are few men that will deny,

deny, but that the company of strangers to virtue is better than the company of enemies to it. Besides this philosophical tract, he also wrote this year several letters in answer to the charge laid upon him by the Pretender and his adherents; and the following year he drew up a vindication of his whole conduct with respect to the Tories, in the form of a letter, to Sir William Wyndham.

Nor was he so entirely devoted to the fatigues of business, but that he gave pleasure a share in his pursuits. He had never much agreed with the lady he first married, and after a short cohabitation, they separated and lived ever after asunder. She therefore remained in England, upon his going into exile, and by proper application to the throne was allowed a proper maintenance to support her with becoming dignity: However, she did not long survive his first disgrace, and upon his becoming a widower, he began to think of trying his fortune once more, in a state which was at first so unfavourable. For this purpose, he cast his eyes on the widow of the Marquis of Vilette, and niece to the famous Madam Maintenon; a young lady of great merit and understanding, possessed of a very large fortune, but encumbered with a long and troublesome law suit. In the company of this very sensible

ble woman he passed his time in France, sometimes in the country, and sometimes in the capital; till the year 1723, in which, after the breaking up of the Parliament, his Majesty was pleased to grant a pardon as to his personal safety, but as yet neither restoring him to his family inheritance, his title, or a seat in Parliament.

To obtain this favour had been the governing principle of his politics for some years before; and upon the first notice of his good fortune, he prepared to return to his native country, where, however, his dearest connections were either dead, or declared themselves suspicious of his former conduct in support of their party. It is observable, that Bishop Atterbury, who was banished at this time for a supposed treasonable correspondence in favour of the Tories, was set on shore at Calais, just when Lord Bolingbroke arrived there on his return to England. So extraordinary a reverse of fortune could not fail of strongly affecting that good prelate, who observed with some emotion, that he perceived himself to be exchanged: He presently left it to his auditors to imagine, whether his country were the loser or the gainer by such an exchange.

Lord

Lord Bolingbroke, upon his return to his native country, began to make very vigorous applications for further favours from the Crown; his pardon, without the means of support, was but an empty, or perhaps it might be called a distressful act of kindness, as it brought him back among his former friends, in a state of inferiority his pride could not endure. However, his applications were soon after successful; for, in about two years after his return, he obtained an act of parliament to restore him to his family inheritance, which amounted to near three thousand pounds a year. He was also enabled by the same, to possess any purchase he should make of any other estate in the kingdom; and he accordingly pitched upon a seat of Lord Tankerville's, at Dawley, near Uxbridge in Middlesex, where he settled with his lady, and laid himself out to enjoy the rural pleasures in perfection, since the more glorious ones of ambition were denied him. With this resolution he began to improve his new purchase in a very peculiar stile, giving it all the air of a country farm, and adorning even his hall with all the implements of husbandry. We have a sketch of his way of living in this retreat, in a letter of Pope's to Swift, who omits no opportunity of representing his Lordship in the most amiable points of view. This letter is dated from Dawley, the country farm above

mentioned, and begins thus: "I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted, by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate, between yourself and me: though he says he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, another with all the pleasure, like Antony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree that this scheme of retreat is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from Bath, he finds all peccant humours are purged out of him; and his great temperance and œconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer, that for one whole day, we have had nothing for dinner, but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl. Now his Lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for two hundred pounds, to paint his country hall with

with rakes, spades, prongs &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a *farm*."

What Pope here says of his engagements with a painter was shortly after executed; the hall was painted accordingly in black crayons only, so that at first view it brought to mind the figures often seen scratched with charcoal, or the smoke of a candle, upon the kitchen walls of farm houses. The whole however produced a most striking effect, and over the door at the entrance of it was this motto: *Satis beatus ruris honoribus*. His Lordship seemed to be extremely happy at this pursuit of moral tranquillity, and, in the exultation of his heart, could not fail of communicating his satisfaction to his friend Swift. "I am in my own farm (says he), and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth, to use a gardener's phrase, and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again."

There is not, perhaps, a stronger instance in the world than his Lordship, that an ambitious mind can never be fairly subdued, but will still seek for those gratifications which retirement can never supply. All this time he was mistaken in his passion for solitude, and supposed that to be the child of

philosophy, which was only the effects of spleen : it was in vain that he attempted to take root in the shade of obscurity ; he was originally bred in the glare of public occupation, and he secretly once more wished for transplantation. His was only a titular Lord, he had not been thoroughly restored ; and, as he was excluded from a seat in the House of Peers, he burned with impatience to play a part in that conspicuous theatre. Impelled by this desire, he could no longer be restrained in obscurity, but once more entered into the bustle of public business, and disavowing all obligations to the Minister, he embarked in the opposition against him, in which he had several powerful coadjutors : but previously he had taken care to prefer a petition to the House of Commons, desiring to be reinstated in his former emoluments and capacities. This petition at first occasioned very warm debates ; Walpole, who pretended to espouse his cause, alledged that it was very right to admit him to his inheritance ; and when Lord William Pawlett moved for a clause to disqualify him from sitting in either House, Walpole rejected the motion, secretly satisfied with a resolution which had been settled in the cabinet, that he should never more be admitted into any share of power. To this artful method of evading his pretensions, Bolingbroke was no stranger ; and he
was

was now resolved to shake that power, which thus endeavoured to obstruct the increase of his own: taking therefore his part in the opposition with Pulteney, while the latter engaged to manage the House of Commons, Bolingbroke undertook to enlighten the people: accordingly he soon distinguished himself by a multitude of pieces, written during the latter part of George the First's reign, and likewise the beginning of that which succeeded. These were conceived with great vigour and boldness; and now, once more engaged in the service of his country, though disarmed, gagged, and almost bound, as he declared himself to be, yet he resolved not to abandon his cause, as long as he could depend on the firmness and integrity of those coadjutors, who did not labour under the same disadvantages with himself. His letters, in a paper called the *Craftsman*, were particularly distinguished in this political contest; and though several of the most expert politicians of the times joined in this paper, his essays were peculiarly relished by the public. However, it is the fate of things written to an occasion, seldom to survive that occasion: the *Craftsman*, though written with great spirit and sharpness, is now almost forgotten, although, when it was published as a weekly paper, it sold much more rapidly than even the *Spectator*. Besides this work, he
published

published several other separate pamphlets, which were afterwards reprinted in the second edition of his works, and which were very popular in their day.

This political warfare continued for ten years, during which time he laboured with great strength and perseverance, and drew up such a system of politics as some have supposed to be the most complete now existing. But, as upon all other occasions, he had the mortification once more to see those friends desert him, upon whose assistance he most firmly relied, and all that web of fine-spun speculation actually destroyed at once by the ignorance of some, and the perfidy of others. He then declared that he was perfectly cured of his patriotic phrenzy; he fell out not only with Pulteney for his selfish views, but with his old friends the Tories, for abandoning their cause as desperate, averring, that the faint and unsteady exercise of parts on one side was a crime but one degree inferior to the iniquitous misapplication of them on the other. But he could not take leave of a controversy in which he had been so many years engaged, without giving a parting blow, in which he seemed to summon up all his vigour at once, and where, as the poet says,

Animam in vulnere posuit.

This

This inimitable piece is intitled, *A Dissertation on Parties*, and of all his masterly pieces, it is in general esteemed the best.

Having finished this, which was received with the utmost avidity, he resolved to take leave not only of his enemies and friends, but even of his country; and in this resolution, in the year 1736, he once more retired to France, where he looked back to his native country with a mixture of anger and pity, and upon his former professing friends, with a share of contempt and indignation. "I expect little," says he, "from the principal actors that tread the stage at present. They are divided not so much as it seemed, and as they would have it believed, about measures. The true division is about their different ends. Whilst the Minister was not hard pushed, nor the prospect of succeeding to him near, they appeared to have but one end, the formation of the government. The destruction of the Minister was pursued only as a preliminary, but of essential and indisputable necessity to that end: but when his destruction seemed to approach, the object of his succession interposed to the sight of many, and the reformation of the government was no longer their point of view. They had divided the skin, at least in their thoughts, before they had

had taken the beast. The common fear of hastening his downfall for others, made them all faint in the chace. It was this, and this alone, that saved him, and put off his evil day."

Such were his cooler reflections, after he had laid down his political pen, to employ it in a manner that was much more agreeable to his usual professions, and his approaching age. He had long employed the few hours he could spare on subjects of a more general and important nature to the interests of mankind; but as he was frequently interrupted by the alarms of party, he made no great proficiency in his design. Still, however, he kept it in view, and he makes frequent mention, in his letters to Swift, of his intentions to give metaphysics a new and useful turn. "I know (says he), in one of these, how little regard you pay to writings of this kind; but I imagine, that if you can like any, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves, whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others."

Having now arrived at the sixtieth year of his age, and being blessed with a very competent share of fortune, he retired into France, far from the noise
and

and hurry of party; for his seat at Dawley was too near to devote the rest of his life to retirement and study. Upon his going to that country, as it was generally known that disdain, vexation, and disappointment had driven him there, many of his friends, as well as his enemies, supposed that he was once again gone over to the Pretender. Among the number who entertained this suspicion, was Swift, whom Pope, in one of his letters, very roundly chides for harbouring such an unjust opinion. "You should be cautious (says he) of censuring any motion or action of Lord Bolingbroke, because you hear it only from shallow, envious, and malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him, I find, to my great scandal, repeated in one of yours to another. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement, near Fontainebleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*."

This reproof from Pope was not more friendly than it was true; Lord Bolingbroke was too well acquainted with the forlorn state of that party, and the folly of its conductors, once more to embark in

their desperate concerns. He now saw that he had gone as far towards reinstating himself in the full possession of his former honours, as the mere dint of parts and application could go, and was at length experimentally convinced, that the decree was absolutely irreversible, and the door of the House of Lords finally shut against him. He therefore, at Pope's suggestion, retired merely to be at leisure from the broils of opposition, for the calmer pleasures of philosophy. Thus the decline of his life, though less brilliant, became more amiable; and even his happiness was improved by age, which had rendered his passions more moderate, and his wishes more attainable.

But he was far from suffering, even in solitude, his hours to glide away in torpid inactivity. That active restless disposition still continued to actuate his pursuits; and having lost the season for gaining power over his contemporaries, he was now resolved upon acquiring fame from posterity. He had not been long in his retreat near Fontainebleau, when he began a course of letters on the study and use of history for the use of a young nobleman. In this he does not follow the methods of St Real and others who have treated on this subject, who make history the great fountain of all knowledge; he very wisely confines

confines its benefits, and supposes them to consist rather in deducing general maxims from particular facts, than in illustrating maxims by the application of historical passages. In mentioning ecclesiastical history, he gives his opinion very freely upon the subject of the divine original of the sacred books, which he supposes to have no such foundation. This new system of thinking, which he had always propagated in conversation, and which he began now to adopt in his more laboured compositions, seemed no way supported either by his acuteness or his learning. He began to reflect seriously on these subjects too late in life, and to suppose those objections very new and unanswerable, which had been already confuted by thousands. "Lord Bolingbroke (says Pope in one of his letters), is above trifling; when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal. If ever he trifles, it must be when he turns divine."

In the mean time, as it was evident, that a man of his active ambition, in chusing retirement when no longer able to lead in public, must be liable to ridicule in resuming a resigned philosophical air: in order to obviate the censure, he addressed a letter to Lord Bathurst, upon the true use of retirement and study; in which he shows himself still able

and willing to undertake the cause of his country, whenever its distresses should require his exertion. I have, says he, renounced neither my country nor my friends; and by my friends I mean all those, and those alone, who are such to their country. In their prosperity they shall never hear of me; in their distress, always. In that retreat wherein the remainder of my days shall be spent, I may be of some use to them, since even from thence I may advise, exhort, and warn them. Bent upon this pursuit only, and having now exchanged the gay statesman for the grave philosopher, he shone forth with distinguished lustre. His conversation took a different turn from what had been usual with him; and as we are assured by Lord Orrery, who knew him, it united the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace.

Yet still amidst his resolutions to turn himself from politics, and to give himself up entirely to the calls of philosophy, he could not resist embarking once more in the debates of his country; and coming back from France, settled at Battersea, an old seat which was his father's, and had been long in the possession of the family. He supposed he saw an impending calamity, and though it was not in his power to remove, he thought it his duty to retard

tard its fall. To redeem or save the nation from perdition, he thought impossible, since national corruptions were to be purged by national calamities; but he was resolved to lend his feeble assistance, to stem the torrent that was pouring in. With this spirit he wrote that excellent piece, which is intitled, *The Idea of a Patriot King*: in which he describes a Monarch uninfluenced by party, leaning to the suggestions neither of Whigs nor Tories, but equally the friend and father of all. Some time after, in the year 1749, after the conclusion of the peace, two years before the measures taken by the administration seemed not to have been repugnant to his notions of political prudence for that juncture; in that year he wrote his last production, containing reflections on the then state of the nation, principally with regard to her taxes and debts, and on the causes and consequences of them. This undertaking was left unfinished, for death snatched the pen from the hand of the writer.

Having passed the latter part of his life in dignity and splendor, his rational faculties improved by reflection, and his ambition kept under by disappointment, his whole aim seemed to have been to leave the stage of life, on which he had acted such various parts, with applause. He had long wished to
fetch

fetch his last breath at Battersea, the place where he was born; and Fortune, that had through life seemed to traverse all his aims, at last indulged him in this. He had long been troubled with a cancer in his cheek, by which excruciating disease, he died on the verge of fourscore years of age. He was consonant with himself to the last, and those principles which he had all along avowed, he confirmed with his dying breath, having given orders that none of the clergy should be permitted to trouble him in his latest moments.

His body was interred in Battersea church, with those of his ancestors; and a marble monument erected to his memory, with the following excellent inscription:

Here

Here lies

HENRY ST JOHN,

In the reign of Queen Anne
Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and
Viscount Bolingbroke.

In the days of King George I. and King George II.
Something more and better.

His attachment to Queen Anne
Exposed him to a long and severe persecution;
He bore it with firmness of mind.

He passed the latter part of his time at home,
The enemy of no national party;
The friend of no faction.

Distinguished under the cloud of proscription,
Which had not been entirely taken off,
By zeal to maintain the liberty,
And to restore the ancient prosperity
of Great Britain.

He died the 12th of December, 1751,
Aged 79.

In

In this manner lived and died Lord Bolingbroke ; ever active, never depressed, ever pursuing Fortune, and as constantly disappointed by her. In whatever light we view his character, we shall find him an object rather proper for our wonder than our imitation ; more to be feared than esteemed, and gaining our admiration without our love. His ambition ever aimed at the summit of power, and nothing seemed capable of satisfying his immoderate desires, but the liberty of governing all things without a rival. With as much ambition as great abilities, and more acquired knowledge than Cæsar, he wanted only his courage to be as successful ; but the schemes his head dictated, his heart often refused to execute ; and he lost the ability to perform, just when the great occasion called for all his efforts to engage.

The same ambition that prompted him to be a politician actuated him as a philosopher. His aims were equally great and extensive in both capacities : unwilling to submit to any power in the one, or any authority in the other, he entered the field of science with a thorough contempt of all that had been established before him, and seemed to think every thing wrong, that he might shew his faculty in the reformation. It might have been better for his quiet, as a man, if he had been content to act a subordinate

subordinate character in the state; and it had certainly been better for his memory as a writer, if he had aimed at doing less than he attempted. Wisdom in morals, like every other art or science, is an accumulation that numbers have contributed to increase; and it is not for one single man to pretend, that he can add more to the heap than the thousands that have gone before him. Such innovators more frequently retard than promote knowledge; their maxims are more agreeable to the reader, by having the gloss of novelty to recommend them, than those which are trite, only because they are true. Such men are therefore followed at first with avidity, nor is it till some time that their disciples begin to find their error. They often, though too late, perceive, that they have been following a speculative enquiry, while they have been leaving a practical good; and while they have been practising the arts of doubting, they have been losing all firmness of principle, which might tend to establish the rectitude of their private conduct. As a moralist, therefore, Lord Bolingbroke, by having endeavoured at too much, seems to have done nothing: but as a political writer, few can equal, and none can exceed him. As he was a practical politician, his writings are less filled with those speculative illusions, which are the result of

solitude and seclusion. He wrote them with a certainty of their being opposed, sifted, examined, and reviled; he therefore took care to build them up of such materials as could not be easily overthrown: they prevailed at the times in which they were written; they still continue to the admiration of the present age, and will probably last for ever.

THE

THE LIFE OF
THOMAS PARNELL, D. D.

ARCHDEACON OF CLOGHER.

THE life of a scholar seldom abounds with adventure. His fame is acquired in solitude. And the historian who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarce distinguished from the rest of mankind. But we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure, not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing.

Thomas Parnell, D. D. was descended from an ancient family, that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton in Cheshire. His father, Thomas Parnell, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the restoration went over to Ireland; thither he carried a large personal fortune, which he laid out in lands in that kingdom. The estates he purchased there, as also that of which he

was possessed in Cheshire, descended to our poet, who was his eldest son, and still remain in the family. Thus want, which has compelled many of our greatest men into the service of the Muses, had no influence upon Parnell; he was a poet by inclination.

He was born in Dublin, in the year 1679, and received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Doctor Jones in that city. Surprising things are told us of the greatness of his memory at that early period, as of his being able to repeat by heart forty lines of any book at the first reading; of his getting the third book of the Iliad in one night's time, which was given in order to confine him for some days. These stories, which are told of almost every celebrated wit, may perhaps be true. But for my part, I never found any of those prodigies of parts, although I have known enough that were desirous, among the ignorant, of being thought so.

There is one presumption, however, of the early maturity of his understanding. He was admitted a member of the college of Dublin at the age of thirteen, which is much sooner than usual, as at that university they are a great deal stricter in their examination

examination for entrance than either at Oxford or Cambridge. His progress through the college course of study was probably marked with but little splendour; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgerfidius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglefius; but it is certain, that as a classical scholar, few could equal him. His own compositions shew this, and the deference which the most eminent men of his time paid him upon that head, put it beyond a doubt. He took the degree of Master of Arts the 9th of July 1700; and in the same year, he was ordained a deacon, by William Bishop of Derry, having a dispensation from the Primate, as being under twenty three years of age. He was admitted into priest's orders about three years after, by William Archbishop of Dublin, and on the 9th of February 1705, he was collated by Sir George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, to the Archdeaconry of Clogher. About that time also he married Miss Anne Minchin, a young lady of great merit and beauty, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and one daughter, who is still living. His wife died some time before him, and her death is said to have made so great an impression on his spirits, that it served to hasten his own. On the 31st of March 1716, he was presented, by his friend and patron Archbishop King, to the

the vicarage of Finglafs, a benefice worth about four hundred pounds a year, in the diocese of Dublin, but he lived to enjoy his preferment a very short time. He died at Chester, in July 1717, on his way to Ireland, and was buried in Trinity Church in that town, without any monument to mark the place of his interment. As he died without male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, Baronet, whose father was younger brother to the Archdeacon, and one of the Justices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

Such is the very unpoetical detail of the life of a poet. Some dates, and some few facts, scarce more interesting than those that make the ornaments of a country tomb-stone, are all that remain of one whose labours now begin to excite universal curiosity. A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chace by the meridian splendour.

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There is scarce any man but might be made the subject of a very interesting and amusing history, if the writer, besides a thorough acquaintance with the character he draws, were able to make those nice distinctions which separate it from all others. The strongest minds have usually the most striking peculiarities, and would consequently afford the richest materials: but in the present instance, from not knowing Doctor Parnell, his peculiarities are gone to the grave with him, and we are obliged to take his character from such as knew but little of him; or who, perhaps, could have given very little information if they had known more.

Parnell, by what I have been able to collect from my father and uncle, who knew him, was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed; and his whole life spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of those passions only affected himself, and never those about him: he knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions,

companions, as well at his vexations as at his triumphs.

How much his company was desired, appears from the extensiveness of his connections, and the number of his friends. Even before he made any figure in the literary world, his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party. The wits at that time differed a good deal from those who are most eminent for their understanding at present. It would now be thought a very indifferent sign of a writer's good sense to disclaim his private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics; but it was then otherwise; the Whig wits held the Tory wits in great contempt, and these retaliated in their turn. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve; at that of the other, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. Parnell was a friend to both sides, and with a liberality becoming a scholar, scorned all those trifling distinctions, that are noisy for the time, and ridiculous to posterity. Nor did he emancipate himself from these without some opposition from home. Having been the son of a Commonwealth's man, his Tory connections on this side of the water, gave his friends in Ireland great offence; they were much enraged to see him keep company with Pope,
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and Swift, and Gay; they blamed his undistinguishing taste, and wondered what pleasure he could find in the conversation of men who approved the treaty of Utrecht, and disliked the Duke of Marlborough. His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing, but in what its peculiar excellence consisted is now unknown. The letters which were written to him by his friends are full of compliments upon his talents as a companion, and his good nature as a man. I have several of them now before me. Pope was particularly fond of his company, and seems to regret his absence more than any of the rest. A letter from him follows thus :

London, July 29.

DEAR SIR,

“ I Wish it were not as ungenerous as vain to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a whole day upon your inhuman silence; I call it inhuman; nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so ill as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best-natured men alive neglects me; and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me, with

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regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I need not tell you, that both Mr Gay and myself have written several letters in vain; and that we are constantly enquiring of all who have seen Ireland, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering you in our most agreeable hours. All this is true, as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplorers of your absence, and that we form no wish more ardently than that which brings you over to us, and places you in your old seat between us. We have lately had some distant hopes of the Dean's design to revisit England; will not you accompany him? or is England to lose every thing that has any charms for us, and must we pray for banishment as a benediction?—I have once been witness of some, I hope all of your splenetic hours, come and be a comforter in your turn to me, in mine. I am in such an unsettled state, that I can't tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this year; whether I do or not, be ever assured, you have as large a share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart as would enrich a monarch, could he know where to find it. I shall not die without testifying something of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of
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the friendship that has been so great a pleasure and pride to me. It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you what I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose in obscurity. My friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you of all particulars concerning me, and Mr Ford is charged with a thousand loves, and a thousand commissions to you on my part. They will both tax you with the neglect of some promises which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot; if you care for any of us, tell them so, and write so to me. I can say no more, but that I love you, and am, in spite of the longest neglect of happiness,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your most faithful affectionate friend

“ And servant,

“ A. POPE.

“ Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence goes to Bath; my father and mother never fail to commemorate you.”

Among the number of his most intimate friends was Lord Oxford, whom Pope has so finely complimented upon the delicacy of his choice.

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Pope himself was not only excessively fond of his company, but under several literary obligations to him for his assistance in the translation of Homer. Gay was obliged to him upon another account; for being always poor, he was not above receiving from Parnell the copy-money which the latter got for his writings. Several of their letters now before me are proofs of this, and as they have never appeared before, it is probable the reader will be much better pleased with their idle effusions than with any thing I can hammer out for his amusement.

Binfield, near Oakingham, Tuesday.

DEAR SIR,

"I Believe the hurry you were in hindered your giving me a word by the last post, so that I
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am yet to learn whether you got well to town or continue so there? I very much fear both for your health and your quiet; and no man living can be more truly concerned in any thing that touches either than myself. I would comfort myself, however, with hoping that your business may not be unsuccessful for your sake; and that at least it may soon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how very much I want you, and that however your business may depend upon any other, my business depends entirely upon you, and yet still I hope you will find your man, even though I lose you the mean while. At this time, the more I love you, the more I can spare you; which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you to let me have you back the sooner. The minute I lost you, Eustathius with nine hundred pages, and nine thousand contractions of the Greek characters, arose to view! Spedanus, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages (value three shillings), and Dacier's three volumes, Barnes's two, Valterie's three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek; Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse than them all) Aulus Gellius! All these rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the headach. I cursed them all
religiously,

religiously, damn'd my best friends among the rest, and even blasphemed Homer himself. Dear Sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good-natured man, but as you are a Christian and a divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for, at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all the poets and commentators who have gone before me, but be damn'd myself by all who come after me. To be serious; you have not only left me to the last degree impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so (though never so much as since I knew you in best health here), but you have wrought several miracles upon our family; you have made old people fond of a young and gay parson, and inveterate Papists of a clergyman of the church of England; even nurse herself is in danger of being in love in her old age, and (for all I know) would even marry Dennis for your sake, because he is your man, and loves his master. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at present; my hours were never worth so much money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author, I a hack-

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ney scribbler; you are a Grecian, and bred at an university; I a poor Englishman, of my own educating; you a reverend parson, I a wag; in short, you are Dr *Parnelle* (with an *E* at the end of your name), and I

“ Your most obliged and

“ Affectionate friend and

“ Faithful servant,

“ A. POPE.

“ My hearty service to the Dean, Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Ford, and the true genuine shepherd, J. Gay of Devon. I expect him down with you.”

We may easily perceive by this, that Parnell was not a little necessary to Pope in conducting his translation; however, he has worded it so ambiguously, that it is impossible to bring the charge directly against him. But he is much more explicit, when he mentions his friend Gay's obligations in another letter, which he takes no pains to conceal.

DEAR

DEAR SIR,

“ I Write to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of good will and friendship with which I used to converse with you two years ago, and can't think myself absent, when I feel you so much at my heart ; the picture of you, which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely less lively a representation, than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through those woods and downs where we once rambled together ; my head is sometimes at the Bath, and sometimes at Letcomb, where the Dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me ; I hope he will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him, instead of following my friend Jervas's example, which, to say the truth, I have as much inclination to do as I want ability. I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business than any such men as you (that is, divines and philosophers) can possibly imagine a reasonable creature capable of. Gay's play, among the rest, has cost much time and long suffering, to stem a tide of malice and party that certain authors have raised against it. The best revenge upon such fellows is now in my hands, I mean your Zolius, which really transcends
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the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem *Batrachom*: for you seem, by the first paragraph of the dedication to it, to design to prefix the name of some particular person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account, and this as soon as is possible. Inform me also upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talked; what number of books you would have yourself, &c. I scarce see any thing to be altered in this whole piece; in the poems you sent I will take the liberty you allow me: the story of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the most beautiful things I ever read. I do not say this to the prejudice of the rest, but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a paragraph on this occasion in regard to Mr Ward, whose verses have been a great pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be so to the world, whenever I can find a proper opportunity of publishing them.

"I shall very soon print an entire collection of my own Madrigals, which I look upon as making my last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give (which I'll beg yours and the Dean's acceptance of). You must look on me no more a poet but a plain commoner, who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope before I die to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for an annuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to posterity.

"I beg our correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem and love for you never more deserved it from you, or more prompted it from you. I desired our friend Jervas (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the Dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to you both, of an unchanging friendship and unalterable esteem.

"I am, dear Sir, most entirely,

"Your affectionate, faithful,

"Obliged friend and servant,

"A. POPE."

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From these letters to Parnell, we may conclude, as far as their testimony can go, that he was an agreeable, a generous, and a sincere man. Indeed he took care that his friends should see him to the best advantage; for when he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, returning, he returned with all expedition to the remote parts of Ireland, and there made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction, in giving hideous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired. It is said of a famous painter, that being confined in prison for debt, his whole delight consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricatura. It was just so with Parnell. From many of his unpublished pieces which I have seen, and from others that have appeared, it would seem, that scarce a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, *and scarce a mountain rear'd its head unsung*. "I can easily," says Pope, in one of his letters, in answer to a dreary description of Parnell's, "I can easily imagine to my thoughts the solitary hours of your eremitical life in the mountains, from something parallel to it in my own retirement at Binfield:" and in another place, "We are both miserably enough situated, God knows; but of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the south are to be preferred to the desarts of the west."

west." In this manner Pope answered him in the tone of his own complaints; and these descriptions of the imagined distresses of his situation, served to give him a temporary relief: they threw off the blame from himself, and laid upon fortune and accident a wretchedness of his own creating.

But though this method of quarrelling in his poems with his situation served to relieve himself, yet it was not so easily endured by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who did not care to confess themselves his fellow-sufferers. He received many mortifications upon that account-among them; for being naturally fond of company, he could not endure to be without even theirs, which however, among his English friends, he pretended to despise. In fact, his conduct, in this particular, was rather splendid than wise; he had either lost the art to engage, or did not employ his skill in securing those more permanent, though more humble connexions, and sacrificed for a month or two in England a whole year's happiness by his country fire-side at home.

However, what he permitted the world to see of his life was elegant and splendid; his fortune (for a poet) was very considerable, and it may easily be supposed

supposed he lived to the very extent of it. The fact is, his expences were greater than his income, and his successor found the estate somewhat impaired at his decease. As soon as ever he had collected in his annual revenues, he immediately set out for England, to enjoy the company of his dearest friends, and laugh at the more prudent world that were minding business and gaining money. The friends to whom, during the latter part of his life, he was chiefly attached, were Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Jervas, and Gay. Among these he was particularly happy, his mind was entirely at ease, and gave a loose to every harmless folly that came uppermost. Indeed it was a society, in which, of all others, a wise man might be most foolish without incurring any danger or contempt. Perhaps the reader will be pleased to see a letter to him from a part of this junto, as there is something striking even in the levities of genius. It comes from Gay, Jervas, Arbuthnot, and Pope, assembled at a chop-house near the Exchange, and is as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,

“ I Was last summer in Devonshire, and am this winter at Mrs Bonyer's. In the summer I wrote a poem, and in the winter I have published it; which I have sent to you by Dr Elwood. In
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the summer I ate two dishes of toad-stools of my own gathering, instead of mushrooms; and in the winter I have been sick with wine, as I am at this time, blessed be God for it, as I must bless God for all things. In the summer I spoke truth to damsels; in the winter I told lies to ladies. Now you know where I have been, and what I have done. I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing summer; I propose to do the same thing I did last, which was to meet you in any part of England you would appoint; don't let me have two disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that intent I teased you with three or four letters; but having no answer, I feared both yours and my letters might have miscarried. I hope my performance will please the Dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I would have often wrote, but for the same reasons I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell you how I love you, and how glad I shall be to hear from you; which, next to seeing you, would be the greatest satisfaction to your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

J. G.

Dear Mr ARCHDEACON,

“ Though my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up half this

this page, having paid my club with the good company both for our dinner of chops and for this paper. The poets will give you lively descriptions in their way; I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet, for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourite; and though few, you will guess must have cost me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He has been so unreasonable to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvas as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr P— should omit to write for the dear Frogs, and the *Pervigilium*, I must intreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they crossed the seas: remember by what neglects, &c. we missed them when we lost you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of those triflers that let them escape and run those hazards. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both now you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to set his hands to these presents, not only as a witness, but as a

Serviteur tres humble,

C. JERVAS.

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“It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time o’day, especially by an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it very thankfully, and have, with my good friends, remembered you at our table in the chop-house in Exchange-Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness but your company, and our dear friend the Dean’s. I am sure the whole entertainment would have been to his relish. Gay has got so much money by his *Art of Walking the Streets*, that he is ready to set up his equipage: He is just going to the Bank to negotiate some exchange bills. Mr Pope delays his second volume of his *Homer* till the martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean, *fuimus Torys*, I can say no more.

ARBUTHNOT.”

“When a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above-writing: Their love to you indeed wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth (after the manner

manner of Rabelais, which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning); and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, &c. till time, place, and convenience, concur to set them a writing, as at present a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle.

“Wherein if I should say nothing I should say much (much being included in my love), though my love be such, that if I should say much; I should yet say nothing it being (as Cowley says) equally impossible either to conceal or to express it.

“If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see here your treatise of Zoilus, with the *Batrachomyomachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both which poems are masterpieces in several kinds; and I question not the prose is as excellent in its sort, as the Essay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author, than that the same hand that raised his best statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scare-crow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcase of Zoilus,

to the terror of the witlings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this and a thousand other subjects, will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you, I am faithfully your most affectionate and humble servant,

A. POPE."

If we regard this letter with a critical eye, we shall find it indifferent enough; if we consider it as mere effusion of friendship, in which every writer contented in affection, it will appear much to the honour of those who wrote it. To be mindful of an absent friend in the hours of mirth and feasting, when his company is least wanted, shews no slight degree of sincerity. Yet probably there was still another motive for writing thus to him in conjunction. The above named, together with Swift and Parnell, had some time before formed themselves into a society, called the *Scribblerus Club*, and I should suppose they commemorated him thus, as being an absent member.

It is past a doubt that they wrote many things in conjunction, and Gay usually held the pen. And yet I do not remember any productions which were the joint effort of this society, as doing it honour.

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There is something feeble and quaint in all their attempts, as if company repressed thought, and genius wanted solitude for its boldest and happiest exertions. Of those productions in which Parnell had a principal share, that of the *Origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in Ethiopia* is particularly mentioned by Pope himself, in some manuscript anecdotes which he left behind him. The life of Homer also prefixed to the translation of the *Iliad*, is written by Parnell, and corrected by Pope; and as that great poet assures us in the same place, this correction was not effected without great labour. "It is still stiff (says he), and was written still stiffer: as it is, I verily think it cost me more pains in the correcting, than the writing it would have done." All this may be easily credited; for every thing of Parnell's, that has appeared in prose, is written in a very awkward inelegant manner. It is true, his productions teem with imagination, and shew great learning, but they want that ease and sweetness for which his poetry is so much admired, and the language is also most shamefully incorrect. Yet, though all this must be allowed, Pope should have taken care not to leave his errors upon record against him, or put it in the power of envy to tax his friend with faults that do not appear in what he has left to the world. A poet has a right to expect the same

secrecy in his friend as in his confessor; the sins he discovers are not divulged for punishment, but pardon. Indeed Pope is almost inexcusable in this instance, as what he seems to condemn in one place, he very much applauds in another. In one of the letters from him to Parnell, above mentioned, he treats the Life of Homer with much greater respect, and seems to say, that the prose is excellent in its kind. It must be confessed, however, that he is by no means inconsistent; what he says in both places may very easily be reconciled to truth; but who can defend his candour and his sincerity?

It would be hard, however, to suppose that there was no real friendship between these great men. The benevolence of Parnell's disposition remains unimpeached; and Pope, though subject to starts of passion and envy, yet never missed an opportunity of being truly serviceable to him. The commerce between them was carried on to the common interest of both. When Pope had a miscellany to publish, he applied to Parnell for poetical assistance, and the latter as implicitly submitted to him for correction. Thus they mutually advanced each other's interest or fame, and grew stronger by conjunction. Nor was Pope the only person to whom Parnell had recourse for assistance. We learn from

Swift's

Swift's letters to Stella, that he submitted his pieces to all his friends, and readily adopted their alterations. Swift, among the number, was very useful to him in that particular; and care has been taken that the world should not remain ignorant of the obligation.

But in the connexion of wits, interest has generally very little share; they have only pleasure in view, and can seldom find it but among each other. The Scribblers Club, when the members were in town, were seldom afunder, and they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played, he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of Lord B——, who is still living, and whose seat is about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his arrival, to chuse the very best bed for himself, for that was his custom. In the mean time Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and taking horse, arrived at Lord B——'s, by another way, long before him. Having apprised his Lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved at any rate

rate to keep him out of the house, but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it: As soon therefore as he appeared striding along at some distance from the house, one of his Lordship's servants was dispatched, to inform him, that the small-pox was then making great ravages in the family, but that there was a summer-house with a field-bed at his service at the end of the garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him; and upon his promising never to chuse the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

There is something satisfactory in these accounts of the follies of the wise; they give a natural air to the picture, and reconcile us to our own. There have been few poetical societies more talked of, or productive of a greater variety of whimsical conceits, than this of the Scribblerus Club, but how long it lasted I cannot exactly determine. The whole of Parnell's poetical existence was not of more than eight or ten year's continuance; his first excursions to England began about the year 1706, and he died in the year 1718; so that it is probable the club began

began with him, and his death ended the connexion. Indeed the festivity of his conversation, the benevolence of his heart, and the generosity of his temper, were qualities that might serve to cement any society, and that could hardly be replaced when he was taken away. During the two or three last years of his life, he was more fond of company than ever, and could scarce bear to be alone. The death of his wife, it is said, was a loss to him that he was unable to support or recover. From that time he could never venture to court the muse in solitude, where he was sure to find the image of her who first inspired his attempts. He began therefore to throw himself into every company, and to seek from wine, if not relief, at least insensibility. Those helps that sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died before his fortieth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity.

Thus, in the space of a very few years, Parnell attained a share of fame, equal to what most of his cotemporaries were a long life in acquiring. He is only to be considered as a poet; and the universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me to be

be the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him, and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blest with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarce tell why. Our poet, on the contrary, gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been
so

so short, he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey over again.

His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found it at that period in which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it in pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions, and the harshest constructions, vainly imagining, that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their meaning, are willing to praise, to shew they understand. From these follies and affectations the poems of Parnell are entirely free; he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expressions.

Parnell has written several poems besides these published by Pope, and some of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation. There are still many more that have not yet seen the light, in the possession of Sir John Parnell his nephew, who, from that laudable zeal which he has for his uncle's reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may even suspect will do it injury. Of those in the following collection, some are indifferent, and some moderately good, but the greater part are excellent. A slight stricture on the most striking shall conclude this account, which I have already drawn out to a disproportioned length.

Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman, is a very fine illustration of an hint from Hesiod. It was one of his earliest productions, and first appeared in a miscellany, published by Tenson.

Of the three Songs that follow, two of them were written upon the lady he afterwards married; they were the genuine dictates of his passion, but are not excellent in their kind.

The Anacreontic, beginning with, *When Spring came on with fresh delight*, is taken from a French poet

poet whose name I forget, and as far as I am able to judge of the French language, is better than the original. The Anacreontic that follows, *Gay Bacchus*, &c. is also a translation of a Latin poem, by Aurelius Augurellus, an Italian poet, beginning with,

*Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos
Comum, Jocum, Cupidinem.*

Parnell, when he translated it, applied the characters to some of his friends, and as it was written for their entertainment, it probably gave them more pleasure than it has given the public in the perusal. It seems to have more spirit than the original; but it is extraordinary that it was published as an original, and not as a translation. Pope should have acknowledged it, as he knew.

The Fairy Tale is incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language. The old dialect is not perfectly well preserved, but that is a very slight defect where all the rest is so excellent.

The Pervigilium Veneris (which, by the bye, does not belong to Catullus) is very well versified, and in general all Parnell's translations are excellent. The Battle of the Frogs and Mice, which

follows, is done as well as the subject would admit ; but there is a defect in the translation, which sinks it below the original, and which it was impossible to remedy. I mean the names of the combatants, which in the Greek bear a ridiculous allusion to their natures, have no force to the English reader. A Bacon Eater was a good name for a mouse, and Pternottractus in Greek, was a very good founding word, that conveyed that meaning. Puff-cheek would found odiously as a name for a frog, and yet Physignathos does admirably well in the original.

The letter to Mr Pope is one of the finest compliments that ever was paid to any poet ; the description of his situation at the end of it is very fine, but far from being true. That part of it where he deplores his being far from wit and learning, as being far from Pope, gave particular offence to his friends at home. Mr Coote, a gentleman in his neighbourhood, who thought that he himself had wit, was very much displeased with Parnell for casting his eyes so far off for a learned friend when he could so conveniently be supplied at home.

The

The translation of a part of the Rape of the Lock into monkish verse, serves to shew what a master Parnell was of the Latin; a copy of verse made in this manner, is one of the most difficult trifles that can possibly be imagined. I am assured that it was written upon the following occasion. Before the Rape of the Lock was yet completed, Pope was reading it to his friend Swift; who sat very attentively, while Parnell, who happened to be in the house, went in and out without seeming to take any notice. However he was very diligently employed in listening, and was able, from the strength of his memory, to bring away the whole description of the toilet pretty exactly. This he versified in the manner now published in his works; and the next day, when Pope was reading his poem to some friends, Parnell insisted that he had stolen that part of the description from an old monkish manuscript. An old paper with the Latin verses was soon brought forth, and it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion which it at first produced.

The Book-Worm is another unacknowledged translation from a Latin poem by Beza. It was the fashion with the wits of the last age to conceal the places from whence they took their hints or their subjects.

subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder.

The Night Piece on Death, deserves every praise, and I should suppose, with very little amendment, might be made to surpass all those night-pieces and church-yard scenes that have since appeared. But the poem of Parnell's best known, and on which his best reputation is grounded, is the Hermit. Pope, speaking of this, in those manuscript anecdotes already quoted, says, "That the poem is very good. The story (continues he) was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howel had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters. Addison liked the scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it." However this may be, Dr Henry More, in his Dialogues, has the very same story; and I have been informed by some, that it is originally of Arabian invention.

With respect to the prose works of Parnell, I have mentioned them already; his fame is too well grounded for any defects in them to shake it. I will only add, that the life of Zoilus was written at the request of his friends, and designed as a satire upon Dennis and Theobald, with whom his club
had

had been long at variance. I shall end this account with a letter to him from Pope and Gay, in which they endeavoured to hasten him to finish that production.

London, March 18.

DEAR SIR,

“ I Must own I have long owed you a letter, but you must own, you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides, I have but two people in the whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of; the Dean and you : but you have several who complain of your neglect in England. Mr Gay complains, Mr Harcourt complains, Mr Jarvis complains, Dr Arbuthnot complains, My Lord complains; I complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next sermon). Some say, you are in deep discontent at the new turn of affairs; others, that you are so much in the Archbishop's good graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last Ministry. Some affirm, you have quarrelled with Pope (whose friends they observe daily fall from him on account of his satirical and comical disposition); others, that you are insinuating yourself into the opinion of the ingenious Mr What-do-ye-call-him. Some think you are preparing your sermons for the press, and
others

others that you will transform them into essays and moral discourses. But the only excuse, that I will allow, is, your attention to the life of Zoilus. The frogs already seem to croak for their transportation to England, and are sensible how much that doctor is cursed and hated, who introduced their species into your nation; therefore, as you dread the wrath of St Patrick, send them hither, and rid your kingdom of those pernicious and loquacious animals.

“ I have at length received your poem out of Mr Addison’s hands, which shall be sent as soon as you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint. I shall in the mean time give Mr Tooke a packet for you, consisting of divers merry pieces. Mr Gay’s new farce, Mr Burnet’s letter to Mr Pope, and Mr Pope’s Temple of Fame, Mr Thomas Burnet’s Grumbler on Mr Gay, and the Bishop of Ailsbury’s Elegy, written either by Mr Cary or some other hand.”

“ Mr Pope is reading a letter, and in the mean time, I make use of the pen to testify my uneasiness in not hearing from you. I find success, even in the most trivial things, raises the indignation of scribblers: for I, for my What-d’-ye-call it, could neither escape the fury of Mr Burnet, or the German doctor: then where will rage end, when Homer is to be translated?

Let

Let Zoilus hasten to your friend's assistance, and envious criticism shall be no more. I am in hopes that we may order our affairs so as to meet this summer at the Bath; for Mr Pope and myself have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You shall preach, and we will write lampoons; for it is esteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath, for fear of a broken head, as for a *terre filius* of Oxford to be expelled. I have no place at Court; therefore, that I may not entirely be without one every where, shew that I have a place in your remembrance;

“ Your most affectionate,

“ Faithful servant,

“ A. POPE and J. GAY.”

“ Homer will be published in three weeks.”

I cannot finish this trifle, without returning my sincerest acknowledgements to Sir John Parnell, for the generous assistance he was pleased to give me, in furnishing me with many materials, when he heard I was about writing the life of his uncle; as also to Mr and Mrs Hayes, relations of our poet; and to my very good friend Mr Stevens, who, being an ornament to letters himself, is very ready to assist all the attempts of others.

F I N I S.

THE LIFE OF DR. FARWELL

Let Justice be done to your friend's memory, and let
 your children think of you more - I am in hopes that
 we may order our affairs so as to meet the funeral at
 the Bath; for Mr. Pope and myself have thoughts of
 taking a trip thither. You shall know, and we will
 write to you; for it is intended to give him the
 honor to leave the Bath for fear of a broken head, as
 the new Duke of Cambridge is expected. I have
 no place at Court; therefore, that I may not en-
 tirely be without one every where, now that I have
 a place in your remembrance;

Your most affectionate



JOHN FARWELL and J. CAY

His name will be published in three weeks.

I cannot allow this book, which contains my father's
 correspondence to be sold in the streets of London
 for one penny to give me a few more materials
 when he had a way of writing the life of his uncle; as the
 book and mine are relations of our lives and to my
 great-grandfather's story, who being an ornament to letters and
 the very ready to all the sciences of letters

V I N I S